

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

CURRENT COMMENTS

MAY 1936

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to carry out the Socialist policy. It was thus in the matter of social services, of India ; more lately and most disastrously, in the matter of European affairs.

What comes after ?

BUT financial experiment, like any other kind of experiment, is justifiable only when there is an intention, or at least a hope, of achieving some ultimate aim. And if such an aim underlies the financial policy of the Government, it is by no means clear what it is. It is not, evidently, to stimulate national industry, for the Chancellor has made only a beggarly contribution of £1,000,000 to the depressed national industries in what we euphemistically call Special Areas. It cannot, from the nature of a Budget which leaves the charges on industry and the individual much as they were, be to revert, nationally, to *laissez-faire*. It is not, since no serious provision is made for debt redemption, so to strengthen the national exchequer as to enable it to withstand the depression which may follow the generally expected collapse of the building boom. It is not even, since expenditure on the social services remains the same, to adopt at home the Socialist policies which Conservative Governments are more apt to follow abroad. All that is certain about it, in fact, is that more and more money is to be spent on armaments.

Expenditure on armaments is inevitable. With only twenty miles of sea, which an aeroplane can cross in as many minutes, to separate us from a Continent armed to the teeth, our choice lies between rearmament and a literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. And, much as we may regret investment in a security whose only dividend in modern times is war, rearmament our choice will be.

But where is rearmament to stop ? Or is it ever to stop ? Our national wealth, and therefore our capacity for rearmament, is greater than that of any of

our European neighbours. But in the present temper of our neighbours, and assuming that some cataclysm in the Far East did not in the meantime awaken Europe to a sense of lost leadership of the world, the armament race could go on until not only our neighbours, but we also, were bankrupt.

There must be a limit placed. And the placing of the limit depends as much on the future of British foreign policy as on the extent of European rearmament. Our rearmament is intended for defence. Then against whom? Is it intended for our defence alone? If not, then whom else are we to defend? These are the questions most pertinent to any discussion of rearmament, and these precisely the questions to which Government spokesmen cannot, or will not, give a clear reply. With a strength and an influence greater than any other Government has had since the War, they leave these questions of national importance to be decided on the battlefield of a by-election in Peckham. Nor is there even any certainty that they will at last decide when the battle of Peckham has been lost or won.

The Abyssinian War

OFFICIALLY Ministers continue to express faith in the policy of collective security embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Privately they must realise, as must any intelligent person who is not subordinating his intelligence to a desire to catch votes, that the policy of collective security as at present understood has been killed by the Italian conquest of half Abyssinia.

Italian exploits with poison gas and against the Red Cross have not endeared Signor Mussolini and Marshal Badoglio to the British public. But before we raise hands in horror it is as well to consider whether our own part in this conflict is of a kind likely to endear us to Abyssinia. We began—with reservations, it is true, but the reserva-

tions were quite naturally obscured—with brave protestations of our intention to uphold the Covenant of the League by resisting aggression. We went on to minor sanctions and to a Fleet concentration in the Mediterranean which brought us—at Christmas, of all inappropriate times—to the verge of war with Italy. As soon as the verge was reached, we drew back to a position whence we could lead the Abyssinian Army from behind, in a safety as great as that of the Duke of Plaza Toro.

Disastrous Intervention

IN all respects the result of our intervention has been negligible or worse. It has caused some hardship to the Italian civil population, but not seriously hampered the Italian military. It has encouraged the Europeanized Emperor of Abyssinia to reliance on European help which never came and to the rejection of offers of peace which, bad as they were, were infinitely better than the peace that seems in prospect now. It has estranged us from France, whose citizens obstinately refuse to understand why a Britain eager to uphold the reign of law in Africa should not be equally eager to uphold the reign of law in Europe. It has not even ensured a permanent victory for the Government on the home front, for the League's dilatoriness in applying oil sanctions has robbed Mr. Baldwin's monthly declarations of faith in collective security of some of the force which the ingenuous once believed them to have. Worst of all, our policy in Abyssinia has lowered British prestige throughout the world.

The war in Abyssinia may soon be over ; and, were its effects confined to Abyssinia, our discreditable part in it might soon be forgotten, as our discreditable parts in the Prusso-Danish War of 1864 and the Greco-Turkish War of 1921 have been forgotten, by all except the nations who immediately suffered. But, unfortunately, the

effects of the war in Abyssinia have by no means been confined to Abyssinia. They led to German remilitarisation of the Rhineland ; and that in turn has now led to the rearmament of Austria.

Covenant on Covenant

SINCE the German Army is not yet sufficiently strained to encourage its leaders to the risk of war in Western Europe, it is improbable that these two closely related events presage the immediate German invasion of Austria that is already prophesied. France, however, takes account of possibilities as well as probabilities and is already asking what we intend to do should the prophecy be realised. She forebore in the case of the Rhineland to ask us to fulfil our obligations under another covenant by marching with her to the defence of the Treaty of Locarno. She will not in the case of yet a third covenant agree that we can lightheartedly thrust aside legal obligations such as we insisted she must bear against Italy. Not, that is, unless the British Government is prepared to complete the ruination of British prestige and give truth to Napoleon's gibe at British perfidy by admitting that it was a home battle that was waged on the Geneva front.

In its unwillingness to coerce Germany in the matter of the Rhineland the British Government for once reflected the true feeling of the British public. But that feeling was itself only a reflection of the larger feeling that you cannot enforce a system of law founded on a system of inequity ; and therein lies a truth that was to be perceived in the case of Italy as well as in the case of Germany. The Italian invasion of Abyssinia, the German military reoccupation of the Rhineland are both ultimately traceable to the Versailles settlement, a settlement which Mr. Lloyd George, one of its makers, has recently denounced in explicit terms. Until and unless that settlement has been thoroughly revised, it

will not be possible to induce the British people to support the enforcement of international law in all cases, nor, therefore, to conduct any British foreign policy consistent with itself.

Revision of Versailles

IN part the Versailles settlement has already been revised. We ourselves ignored it when we concluded the Anglo-German Naval Treaty ; Germany has broken it in the letter ; Japan, retaining after she left the League the formerly German territories which she held under mandate from the League, has broken it in the spirit ; Sir Samuel Hoare, in his speech at Geneva last September, by implication proposed that the part of it which most closely concerned European economy should be amended.

Peacemeal revision, however, is not enough. It will ever leave some fresh question to trouble the peace of Europe. After the Rhineland, Austria ; after Austria, Danzig ; after Danzig, Memel ; after Memel, Eupen ; after Eupen, colonies ; after colonies, the Trentino ; after Trentino, Istria—the seeds of a dozen wars were planted in the soil of Versailles, and some of them are already beginning to sprout.

A thorough revision of Versailles must come. But before it comes we must have clear in our minds what Britain's share is to be in the new system that may spring out of Versailles. If it is to be a small share only, then our rearmament policy will have a clear limit, since we need not in the twentieth century fear a Continental alliance against us. If it is to be a large share, then our rearmament policy will also have a clear limit, for it may be assumed that the collective emphasis in any real collective security is now sufficiently understood for any British Government to reject treaties of guarantee in which its part is limited to that of guarantor. In either event some definition of British policy will be inevitable. It would be as well to prepare the definition before the event.

WILFRID HINDLE

Moscow May Day

By John England

"YOUR card, citizen?"

There is a close guard on the Red Square in Moscow on May Day. High Soviet officials are allowed in, foreign diplomatists, journalists. The workers are allowed in only in the afternoon, and only in formation, with banners flying. Foreign tourists, promised a close-up of the Festival of Red Labour by optimistic Intourist agents abroad, are generally disappointed.

I am in Moscow neither as diplomatist nor as journalist. But there are ways and means in the new Russia, as in the old and as in every other country in the world. A Soviet official, to whom I am introduced by a foreigner whose goodwill is sought by the Soviet Government, makes out a card for me as a visiting industrialist. I am not, but for convenience sake I forget how to read the Cyrillic characters with which it is inscribed.

Armed with my card, I am admitted to the show. Show it is, the finest in Russia and one of the finest in the world. Except for the theatre, it is the only show in Russia which begins on time. On the walled parapet which flanks the Lenin Mausoleum, by the Kremlin Wall, stand Stalin and the members of his Government. Kalinin, for fifteen years titular President of the Soviet Union, looks thin, ferrety and rather tired. Molotoff-Scriabin, Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and one of the three pure Russians on that parapet, has a serious and complacent smile.

Below the mausoleum to the right stand Red Army officers, the gallant-moustached Budyonny prominent among them. To the left are the foreign diplomatists and journalists. The journalists have a long day.

MOSCOW MAY DAY

From nine o'clock in the morning until afternoon troops are reviewed. In the afternoon, there is an endless procession through the square of Red workers, Red sharpshooters, young Communists, Pioneers. Standing all day, on a May Day which may easily be hot, is a tiring business, though it does not seem to tire Stalin. The diplomatists go off at one o'clock or before. Hardened cynics as they are, it would be difficult for them to stand there and watch the endless procession of workers, carrying banners denouncing foreign governments in general and foreign politicians by name.

Red soldiers are all around the Red Square before the show begins. As it goes on the gaps in their ranks are gradually filled up. The newcomers come in to music, sometimes as strange and stirring as the coloured domes of St. Basil's which rise above the scene, sometimes reminiscent of the English musical comedy stage. Red May Day is international in its music, even if national in most else. There are Schubert tunes made popular by *Lilac Time* and English hunting tunes as well as the Russian airs.

The soldiers come in by units. First are the plain Red soldiers, fine-looking men of peasant stock. With an air from which the shoddy appearance of their Soviet made uniforms detracts but little, they march smartly past the stone where Minin and Pojarsky died centuries ago for Russian freedom. Then come all the gradations of Russian regiment and rank, through the brightly-capped G.P.U. cavalry—"Shock-troops of the rear," mutters a disillusioned American Communist who has somehow found his way to the diplomatists' stand—to the final glory of Ukrainian gun-carriages dashing recklessly at breakneck speed across the square. Above, aeroplanes manoeuvre with equal recklessness, looping the loop and descending to within a hundred yards of

the Kremlin Wall to scatter leaflets on the packed crowds below.

The assembling passes off with exemplary smartness, exemplary order, and exemplary speed. When all are met Voroshiloff, Union Commissar for War, mounts a tribune before the Lenin Mausoleum. Amplified by the microphone, his deep, hoarse voice echoes round and round the square as he administers the Red Oath to the assembled representatives of the self-styled Army of the International Proletariat.

"I swear," he begins; and after him, phrase by phrase, the Red soldiers in unison repeat the threats and promise of the Red Oath.

It is in very truth a magnificent performance. And the correctly tailored diplomatists who are whispering over their plans for the next cocktail party for the moment seem as the Bolsheviks say they are, the last decaying flower of a decaying civilisation.

After they have gone I am not so sure. For after they have gone the military performers give way to the civilian. Civilian is a manner of speaking only; the civilian procession includes workers' Battalions and Red Sharpshooters, both men and women. With them are Pioneers, Young Communists, Shock workers from the Moscow factories, trade union delegations, delegates of the International Class War Prisoners' Aid Society. One and all carry banners denouncing "Social Fascism," threatening the bourgeois enemy, or swearing to defend the Red Fatherland and the International Revolution. Some of them have brought their toys—gigantic effigies of priests and capitalists and—so far is popular Soviet information behind the times—of Austen Chamberlain and Poincaré. They parade as well as most civilian processions, and the Young Communists rather better.

The Young Communists, sons and daughters of the Russian Revolution, are the most pleasing sight in the Soviet Union. The rest are dispiriting enough. They look ill-fed and are ill-clad in the shoddy suits and cloth

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caps which Lenin made popular. (Only the American-Russian tourists wear picturesque Russian costume on this Russian May Day). The red of their banners is not the vivid red of foreign revolutionaries' imagination, but a dull and spiritless colour. Soviet and anti-Soviet propagandists have made non-propagandists chary of recording anything other than objective fact: but as these men and women cross the Red Square, they certainly look as if they were performing a duty for which they had no great enthusiasm. Stalin, immobile on the Lenin Mausoleum, looks even less enthusiastic—but then he is not given to public-display of feeling.

Coming out of the Red Square with my disillusioned American Communist acquaintance, I wonder. Can all this display be a sham? Has the fire gone from the revolution as it has gone from the revolutionary banners? Do the loud-speakers, blaring from early morning in the Revolution Square, bring nothing but empty catchwords to the people they urge to complete the five-year plan in four years?

The American Communist points to a notice on the wall opposite where the Iberian Virgin once stood: "All forms of private trade forbidden." Below it yesterday there were a dozen pedlars, and tomorrow the pedlars will be there again.

There is, too, the memory of the factory-manager who invited me to his factory restaurant to lunch. He wrinkled his nose in expressive disgust when I, hypocritically, complimented him on the quality of the food.

Against all these things, however, is the undeniable evidence of the Young Communists, trained from birth in the revolutionary faith, and as devoted to it as is the English public schoolboy to his code of good form. Even to this argument the American Communist has an answer. "We, too," he says, "have our Daughters of the Revolution. They are the most conservative body in the United States."

Gentlemen Prefer

By Charlotte Haldane

WHO turned Anita Loos loose? I mean I have always wondered because of all we girls Anita is a neater is Anita. So of all we girls I preferred Lorelei until I read a novel the other day called the *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. It is all about a girl called Gertrude Stein is a Stone is a Stein is a stone which is amusing if you don't want bread but bred in the bone Stone and if not, not.

Well this girl Alice B. Toklas lives in Paris but not with gentlemen prefer gentlemen. And Paris is devine there being no gentlemen but only the gentlemen friends of Gertrude B. Stein who are all well-known talkers but not, otherwise like the gentlemen friends of Lorelei. The wives of the wives of their gentlemen friends Alice sat by the fire with and listened to the lives of the wives while Gertrude Sirenstein talked to their occasional husbands. Well this Alice has run Anita pretty close because Gertrude B. Stein is really an awfully nice girl a devine girl who even without a devining rod can see through any girl who is no match for her. Gertrude said to Alice that she is very grateful not to have been born of an intellectual family, she has a horror of what she calls intellectual people. It has always been rather ridiculous that she who is good friends with all the world and can know them and they can know her, has always been the admired of the precious. But she always says some day they, anybody, will find out that she is of interest to them, she and her writing . . .

It would be strange if I turn out to be an authoress. I mean at my home near Little Rock, Arkansas, my family all wanted me to do something about my music. Because all of my friends said I had talent and they all kept after me and kept after me about practising. But some way I never seemed to care so much about practising. I mean I simply could not sit for hours and houns at a time practising just for the sake of a career.

GENTLEMEN PREFER

So one day I got quite temperamental and threw the old mandoline clear across the room and I have never really touched it since. But writing is different because you do not have to learn or practise and it is more temperamental because practising seems to take all the temperment out of me.

But I see I have gotten started all wrong to tell you about Alice G. Stein because something by another of we girls slipped in by mistake but any literary girl who likes writing will know at once what I mean so I will go right on telling you more about Gertrude S. Toklas. Not having any unconscience Dr. Froyd asked her what she seemed to dream about. So she told him that she never really dreamed about anything. I mean, she used her brains so much in the daytime that at night they did not seem to do anything but rest. It was also at this time that Gertrude Stein got into the habit of writing at night. It was only after eleven o'clock that she could be sure that no one would knock at the studio door. I mean a gentleman never pays for those things but a girl always pays. She realises that in english literature in her time she is the only one.

So I suppose that most of the girls in Paris do not have such brains as we American girls. During these months after the war we were one day going down a little street and saw a man looking in at a window and going backwards and forwards and right and left and otherwise behaving strangely. Lipschitz, said Gertrude Stein. Yes, said Lipschitz, I am buying an iron cock. Where is it, we asked. Why in there, he said, and in there it was. Gertrude Stein had known Lipschitz very slightly at one time but this incident made them friends and soon he asked her to pose. As I was saying after the return from England and lecturing we gave a great many parties, there were many occasions for parties, all the Sitwells came over, Carl Van Vechten came over, Sherwood Anderson came over again. And besides there were many other occasions for parties.

But I always seem to think that it is delightful to have quite a lot of girls at a party, if a girl has quite a lot of gentlemen at a party, and it is quite delightful to have all the girls from the Follies, but I really could not invite them because, after all, they were not in my set. So then I thought it all over and I thought that even if it was not etiquette to invite them to a party it really would be etiquette to hire them to come to a party and be entertainers, and after they were entertainers they could mix in to the party and it really would not be a social error. We did give a great many parties in those days and the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre came very often. So that made the Racquet Club jealous, and one thing led to another until somebody rang for an ambulance and the police came in. Be calm madam, said my father, perhaps it is my son who has been killed. One of his axioms I always remember, if you must do a thing do it graciously. He also told me that a hostess should never apologise for any failure in her household arrangements, if there is a hostess there is insofar as there is a hostess no failure.

So you see what nice girls there all were Alice and Lorelei and Gertrude and Dorothy and if not not, a gentleman is a rose is a gentleman is a rose is.

I mean, it only goes to show what a good thing it is for a girl not to have an unconscience.

Japan—Enigma?

By Hugh C. Jenkins

SINCE the late Mr. Kipling's dicta concerning East and West became popular the average man in Europe has turned his mental face to the wall in so far as any attempt to understand either the mentality or the motives of Japan is concerned. Likewise in New Zealand and Australia, where the feeling of proximity is much more intense, the problem of Japan presents itself as a complete enigma. While the mental laziness that is the cause of this feeling continues, there is every reason for believing that the present misunderstanding of Japan will continue also, and cause more frictions between that country and the rest of the world than would be the case if the same line of approach were made to Japan as would be made to any other country.

The mental attitude of the average man is that Japan is able to produce low-priced goods because her people can live on the smell of an oil rag and are willing to accept any conditions of employment. If the man speaking happens to be a merchant he adds that Japan has depreciated her currency, while the student of Japan's military activities will believe that she desires to dominate the continent of Asia. If he be an imaginative person he will see in the policy of Japan a design to place herself at the head of the Asiatic peoples and lead them in throwing off the yoke of the West.

I do not desire to examine these various beliefs concerning Japan, at the moment; but I do say that if the geography, history and economics of Japan are studied, then the misunderstandings which naturally arise between peoples in different stages of development will be the more easily resolved.

Now the Japanese can be expected to sell their goods for the highest price which they can get. And while the Japanese masses are ambitious to enjoy the benefits which modern industrial technique bestows, so they are

certainly not accepting low wages because they want to remain in that station to which some people assert Providence has called them. In fine, the Japanese are just as anxious to enjoy the good things of this world as any other section of the human family and they entertain the idea that they are entitled to much more than they are now getting. When the matter is looked at from their standpoint their argument is not to be denied.

In environment, Japan's problem is today, and always has been, that she suffers isolation from the rest of the world and even from Asia itself. This would not have been so much of a handicap to a people which was capable of evolving its own culture. But conditions in Japan were unfavourable to the development of a domestic culture. The land is not fruitful, and there was not sufficient of a margin to permit of the growth of great cities. Rice culture, the resort of overcrowded populations, made its appearance long ago and the Inland Sea gave to the seacoast people another source of immediate food-supply. But intensive husbandry and fishing do not permit of leisure, nor of the development of culture, while the feudal organisation of Japanese society added a further bar to development.

Chinese culture was introduced, but it never became racy of the soil, first because of its difficult characters, and, secondly, because of the infrequency of the renewals of such waves from the original source. The barrenness of opportunity gave to the Japanese the habit of looking outwards from themselves for their inspiration, while the geographical isolation from which they suffered led them to suspect the foreigner and to shut themselves off from him. In this particular, then, Japan presented itself as a sort of cultural contradiction. Looking outwards and yet shrinking from contact with the outside world.

From the necessities of living together in groups sprang the Japanese clan and group family system,

and it must be emphasised that this family group system has not yet been laid aside. It has delayed the emergence of the individual as a single unit, and it has robbed the masses of that facility for developing leadership which has been such a marked product of the Free Church Movements in England and more recently of the Friendly Societies and the Trades Union Movements. Consequently today the history of the Japanese Labour Movement is nothing but a sequence of Schisms. On the other hand, it has encouraged the aristocratic elements to believe that they can maintain their hold upon the masses by appeals to the mass mind on Nationalistic issues. In this they have been more than successful of late, but the reaction has set in and was registered decisively at the General Elections held in February. The answer of the Chauvinists to the General Election was the attempted *coup-d'état* of February 26.

It may be asked why it is that the aristocratic elements in Japan have permitted an enlargement of the franchise in recent years so that now every male over twenty-five years of age is entitled to vote. The answer is that the Press of Japan has sought mass circulation in an intensive degree, and in so doing has espoused the cause of the masses ; so much so that the Press in Japan is almost permanently against the Government. The Press has had much more than Chauvinistic policy to rail against ; it has been able to commend itself to the public by exposing the various scandals which have linked up politicians and exploiters and tax-evaders. It has taught the people what the people want. The result was that the rulers of Japan had to choose either between an explosion, such as occurred in Russia, or a gradual lowering of the barriers. Now the barriers are down, but political experience is lacking on one side, at least.

It is difficult to draw a parallel case of a people emerging from Feudalism to popular Government, from peasantry to twentieth century industrialisation. If England in the time of Edward the First had been

transported into our present time the situation would have been something similar to that of Japan. No Queen Elizabeth to call a nation to its own defence against invasion ; no Sir Thomas More to vindicate the rights of the individual ; no William of Orange to be called by the voice of the people ; no great Commoners like Oliver Cromwell, Pitt, Fox, Gladstone, and Disraeli ; no contacts with Europe for a period extending from 1272 to say 1880. Would England, had this been her history, be what she is today ? Would not she have listened to many voices, and heeded them all in turn ? If Japan is violent at one time and pacific at another, it must assuredly be attributed more to inexperience than to guile !

Japan's economic history is just as remarkable as her political history. There has been no time in which to develop traditions. Japan is still in transition from Feudalism to Individualism, but modern industrialisation demands the latter. It is the individual contribution that matters in a factory, but the Japanese have not yet cast off their kimonos, either sartorially or mentally. Consequently the attitude of the employer towards his employees is a mixture of paternalism and of indifference. He does not take over those duties which society enforces in the West and which the group family carries in the East. On the other hand he pays his workmen when they are on strike.

Industrialisation started late in the last century in Japan. The copyist mentality of the people was selective, and it sought the best, planned its railways with a view to developing its industries to the greatest advantage, and, because of the need for finding employment for the increasing population which could not be absorbed into agriculture, encouraged the development of industry by State aids of various kinds. For a time agriculture, the chief industry of the country, was able to withstand the strain of these subsidies to industry. Then the situation, become burdensome, was relieved for a time

by the development of the raw silk export trade to the United States of America. Then in 1921, the price of raw silk fell and Japan's income therefrom dropped from 623,618,507 yen in 1919 to 382,716,898 yen in 1920. Later it fell from 879,657,088 yen in 1925 to 286,793,875 yen in 1934.

But the costs of agriculture could not be brought lower even by reducing the diet of the cultivators. Rents remained stationary and taxes increased. The foundation of the whole structure was, and is, being undermined.

The industries of Japan are essential for the employment of the people and for the next twenty years there will be annual additions to the labour force of the country—because they are already born—and they are demanding better conditions and higher wages. The number of strikes occurring while not as high as during the depth of the depression, say in 1931, still remain above the level of 1926, although the number of strikers involved has declined. (There were 495 strikes involving 67,234 employees in 1926; 998 strikes involving 64,536 strikers in 1931, and 610 strikes involving 49,124 strikers in 1934.)

War profits and the stimulus of Government spending have encouraged certain industries to enlarge their plants and now these industries are committed to large-scale production. They still demand the State aids by which they were launched, for they are faced with a decline in the demands from overseas through more intensive competition and also with the prospect of a decline in Governmental expenditures. They are also operating in the face of a depreciated exchange which places them at a disadvantage when they buy their raw materials abroad by the operation of quotas, and even of prohibitions through exchange restrictions.

A study of the exports of Japan reveals that China is her most essential market—apart from raw silk, which goes almost exclusively to the United States of America

—and here it is met with the boycott. Japan has moved into Manchuria, but the results in so far as trade expansion is concerned are neither presently satisfactory nor promising for the future, while from the standpoint of emigration they are distinctly disappointing. In these circumstances Japan does not know what to do. If she goes on with her Government adventurings in Manchuria, her finances will go from bad, where they are now, to worse ; but to stop would be to bring about such unemployment that it is hardly likely any Government could outlive the resultant unpopularity. If Japan presents an enigma to the world she is confronted by a much more perplexing situation in her own economy.

I do not believe that Japan can extricate herself from her present difficulties unless she is assisted by the rest of the world, particularly by the West. Japan was called out of her isolation by the West ; her present position has been brought about by learning the lessons which the West was so willing to teach. Japan is entitled to the cooperation of the West. If that necessary cooperation is given, then the Japanese people, always looking outward for their inspirations, will be led into the path of international cooperation. If there be no example provided, Japan cannot be blamed if she heeds the Chauvinists within her gates, and, before going down in the inevitable crash to which their policy will lead her, engages in some Viking adventure in the hope of gaining her salvation by the aid of the sword.

Spenglerian Finance

By Lt.-Col. A. A. Hanbury-Sparrow

IN the last chapter but one of his *Decline of the West*, Oswald Spengler, described by some as the official philosopher of Germany, has written this: "The Dictature of Money marches on tending to its material peak in the Faustian Civilisation as in every other. And now (by Spenglerian computation in the immediate future) something happens that is intelligible only to one who has penetrated to the essence of money. If it were anything tangible then its existence would be for ever, but as it is a form of thought *it fades out as soon as it has thought its economic world to finality*, and has no more material upon which to feed . . . Money is at the end of its success and the last conflict is at hand in which the Civilisation receives its conclusive form—the conflict between money and blood."

Money as a form of thought—that perhaps is a strange conception to those who have not grasped the main Spenglerian thesis, that all activity that has any meaning or significance whatsoever is the product of a soul struggling to express in earthly forms its own dimly felt conception of space. Not an individual soul but a group soul, an Earth-bound, Time-bound, group soul that permeates all the men of a Culture. In some non-earthly dimension at the back of all things endures the Archtypal form that governs the growth and life histories of the great Cultures of this physical plane. Seven such cultures have there been, the Indian, the Egyptian-Babylonian, the Chinese, the Greco-Roman or Classical, the Magian (never quite fulfilled), the Mexican, and our own of the West which Spengler characterises as the Faustian, and all these Cultures unfold or seek to unfold according to the Archtypal design. That is to say there can be no arbitrary development; their order of unfolding is as controlled as a cabbage's which can either heart or fail to heart before it flowers, but which cannot do so afterwards.

So too in the life history of the Cultures, there is an ordered time in which its possibilities, whether of art or of theology or of science must struggle to appear. And they can either come at the appointed time or not at all. There are only a limited number of possibilities open to any Culture and one that is not open to it is to make up for lost opportunities. As well try to recapture childhood's pleasures in middle age. A Culture is given thirteen hundred years in which to live out its life and within that time limit man is free to do the Necessary or Nothing. Either he can work with or for the growth or condemn himself to futility striving to do what is too early or too late to be done. He has no other choice.

But though the order of growth must in all cases be the same, each Culture is fired with its own special light that shines through all its activities. The general shape of all Cultures is the same, but in their inner quality no two are alike. For the soul of each has its own special conception of Space which it is striving all the time to reproduce with earthly materials. Not that the men of the Culture have ever till now been aware of it. "Ideas," says Spengler elsewhere, "are wordless. Their bearers are seldom if ever aware of them and for others they can hardly be conveyed in words." The Egyptian felt Time marching through Space; Classical man instinctively conceived all things as in the here and now, the pure present. Insensibly the Magian was permeated through and through with the impression of the eternal dualism of Heaven and Earth, God and the Devil, with this inverted bowl we call the sky. Only now is Faustian man becoming conscious that he has been all the time seeking Infinity; that the search has run through all his achievements, from the soaring spires of Gothic Architecture, the discovery of gunpowder, the music of Bach, and Wagner, to the latest developments of wireless or the credit system.

And now he has all but reached the limits of his possibilities. The Civilisation, the final form, is on

the point of bursting into flower ; and after that there only remains the death of the Culture. Such is the thesis of Spengler.

It is a great work, but Spengler does seem to underestimate one point, the fact that man is now for the first time conscious of what is happening. Spengler himself avers that this fact will make no difference, that the Culture will move inexorably to its doom for all our awareness. Nevertheless, if one is inclined to accept the rest of the thesis ; if one is impressed by the way events are falling in with Spengler's forecast (the *Decline of the West* was published just after the war) ; then this fact of self-consciousness remains the one point of hope. When we know what is wrong, we can at least hope to put it right.

But only by a gigantic effort. For the task before Western man is no less than this ; to project himself as he is, now, through mortmain ; through his inheritance, as it were ; to discover where and how the functioning of the traditional wisdom has ceased to correspond with his own nature and to transform it into an image of his own self. Only so can he win through.

For every activity that is continual through several generations tends to take on a life of its own. It becomes a school, a technique, a vested interest, an environment that insensibly moulds the thoughts of each successive generation. Yet after a time the initial impulse spends itself. Like a snowball started down hill it may go for a long while before the momentum slows down appreciably. But sooner or later it will inevitably come to a standstill. By which time it has grown to such a size as to be almost impossible to move. But that is not a very good simile. A better one might be that of meadow that is not properly eaten down and where last year's grass stops the new shoots from emerging. This metaphor does at least indicate the importance of consuming the past harvests in a proper manner so that they manure and do not hinder the new crop. For instance

do not today the vested interests of towns block the planning of proper motor roads?

Or has not the whole history of London in the last four hundred years been one constant and uncomfortable adjustment to the limitations and rights of earlier and narrower years? This is the true mortmain, this ever-growing power of the past not only to present a rigid front to new inspirations—if inspirations should come—but also to acquire a quasi-automatic momentum of its own.

The past becomes the bearer of the vital forces and they take them over and lead them inevitably to petrification. Life pushes upwards against gravity, but the ever-accumulating mass of the Past is pulled back to the Earth. It has in it all the specialised unadaptability of the animal kingdom. As the Culture draws to its close, it becomes almost impossible for living man to alter or deflect this lumbering roll towards Doom.

But not quite, unless one is prepared to abandon all hope as Spengler would have us do. For every fresh generation must surely have the power to impose its will on its surroundings. But it is one thing to have this power. It is another to see what should be done. But of one thing we can be sure. Nothing can succeed that does not correspond with the real needs and spirit of the individual man.

It is here the war could have been such an enormous benefit. For if the task is to enable the man of today to project himself into his environment with a view to moulding it to his image, the war could have shown man what the original was like. For that was a time in which Western man was extended to his uttermost. And because Spengler has taught us to regard all activities as proceeding out of one impulse, and that, therefore, all activities possess an inner relationship, we know that what he was in war should be reflected in all that he strives to express in peace. But at the time nobody

perceived this fact, and now too much time has elapsed for much to be effected. A new generation has grown up to whom the war is a meaningless event. But in one respect something can still be salvaged and that is Finance—the money thought that, as Spengler says, is on the brink of having thought its economic world to finality.

Where does war-time man differ from the money he has created and that is around us today? In this. The citizen soldier feared death and yet was man enough to face it. Which is exactly what money won't do. Money refuses to face death. It may die, but it will not do so of its own will. It pretends to immortality and refuses to sacrifice itself. And therefore it is not a true image of man.

For it is not only that this conception of earthly immortality does not correspond to the nature of man, but there is also the actual reality that Faustian money does wear out. Wherever there are living, physical forms of wealth, such as a factory, there is self-evident depreciation going on all the time. It is only when it becomes a book entry such as a war debt, that it takes over this myth of immortality, and unfortunately it is the myth and not the reality that has established the legal character of money.

But it may be asked, why was it necessary to go to the war to find this out? War or no war, man dies, and if money is to resemble man's nature, one would come in any case to the conclusion that money must also be made to die.

Yes, but the war, unlike ordinary peace, showed man fully extended. It is not only death that enters into war, but an element of renunciation, of courage, and of great love. Which means that a mere mathematical curtailment of the endurance of money is not enough. One will only overcome this death element by qualities corresponding to those of the war hero. It is not sufficient that the State or Central Bank should create

and, after its appointed life course, destroy money. True, some sort of economic life could be carried on under such regulations, but it would be a fellaheen life, a material existence in which the Spirit played no part. If the economic life is to be truly creative there must enter into it this strong element of individual heroism. Not that some degree of State regulation would not be needed, just as discipline is needed, but room must be left for the creative activity of the individual. In other words it would be possible to develop from this starting point of the war an extremely pertinent argument against Socialism.

But Capitalism, as it is generally understood, is doomed. Either men will find the strength to cut out the vast accumulation of ancient debts of which it so largely consists, or its own forces will gradually petrify into Socialism. It cannot possibly remain as it is. In Spengler's words "it fades out as soon as it has thought its economic world to finality and has no more material upon which to feed." Or, which comes to the same thing, as soon as it can no longer find virgin fields to which to give value.

The only way in which a constant stream of food can be permanently provided is to copy the wonderful economy of Nature in which substance taken from the earth returns to the earth as manure. This is the true circulation of money, not the rapid transference from hand to hand of purchase money, but a life cycle in which money arises out of Nature and returns to Nature.

If our thought on money were not devoid of reality, we should see that money, having risen to the plane of capital cannot be allowed to remain on that level. It must be made to face death and return to Nature. Just as the goods and machinery it represents has to do. Only so can there be a true circulation. Only so can the man of any period make it a reflection of himself and endow it with the essence of his own thinking.

The Padded Cell

From the Diary of Tom O'Bedlam.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21. I would not go through the last week again for a thousand—for ten thousand pounds. Let me begin at the beginning. I was melancholy over Easter. The great exodus of workers on the holidays appointed for them always fills me with envy. The true happiness of life lies in contrast. Work, and the surcease from work—how pleasurable! For me there is no surcease, because there is nothing to surcease from.

On Easter Monday I lunched at the club with an old Oxford friend. We discussed the boat-race, and, like everyone else, agreed that Oxford had done splendidly. Yet the fact that she had been beaten more decisively than ever did certainly, in some degree, modify our conviction that she was on the up-grade. My friend made an interesting comment on the absence of any Etonian in either crew.

"That is in Oxford's favour," he said.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because, with the present standard of rowing at Eton, it would be fatal for Oxford to rely on Eton as she used to."

"On the other hand," I suggested, "it would be a good thing for Oxford, were Eton to regain her old rowing pre-eminence."

"Undoubtedly," my friend agreed.

At this point a fellow called Sparkes, who was lunching alone at the next table, put his oar in. (An unintentional joke that.)

"Did you read about that fellow who flew a 'plane to Berlin the other day with a motor-cycle engine?" he asked.

I inclined my head.

"Wonderful things, motor-cycle engines," he said.

"Put one in the Oxford boat, and it's my opinion that Cambridge might be beaten."

"Indeed?" I replied coldly, but Sparkes is a fellow whom it is impossible to snub.

"It's all wrong, Bedlam," he said.

"What, pray, Mr. Sparkes, is all wrong?"

"The way you treat your stomach. Soup, chop, apple-tart and cream, lashings of Gorgonzola, sherry at one end, Burgundy in the middle, and port to put the finishing touch to the ruin of what was once a stomach."

"Plain English fare, sir," I retorted in some heat.

"Well, it's your funeral, Bedlam. And not far off, I'm afraid."

"Have you any alternative fare to suggest?" I asked.

I put a certain amount of irony into the question, yet I must confess that, like most middle-aged men, I have frequent qualms about my diet.

"Fruit, air-baths, a few simple exercises and an occasional meatless and eggless omelette would put twenty years on to your life."

"Twenty years of misery! I'd rather die. These health cranks are one of the curses of the modern world."

Sparkes smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

To cut a long story short, I left the club en route for Felicity, a health establishment not a hundred miles from London. I wish it had been ten thousand!

"No fasting, Bedlam. Nothing drastic. Just your ordinary life, with the pattern altered," were Sparkes's last words. When I meet him again!

Felicity

"The theory on which we base our curative system," the rascal in charge at Felicity told me, on my arrival, "is a perfectly simple one. We do not believe in the violent disorganisation of the equilibrium which is necessarily entailed by the prolonged fasts at present in vogue. Modify these fasts as you will, they involve, they cannot but involve, a psychological as well as a physiological dislocation."

"I entirely agree."

"It is this dislocation which neutralises their secondary effect."

"And what is that, if I may ask."

"What is the cause of lassitude, of melancholy, of actual ill-health? Routine. We move through life in the rut of habit. The modern idea that we eat too much, and take too little exercise, is absurd."

"I am glad to hear you say so, sir."

"It is not that we eat too much, and take too little exercise. It is that, slaves of routine, we do not eat dynamically, do not walk abroad in that hundred per cent. spirit of freshness and novelty which makes a quiet half-hour stroll more beneficial than climbing Everest or swimming Niagara with hearts and minds blind to the miracle of existence. You follow me?"

"I do indeed,"

"Here, at Felicity, we have the change of routine involved in a fast without the fast. That is our system in a nutshell. Our visitors hand us a programme of their ordinary day. We rearrange this programme. They conform to this rearranged programme, and thus recapture the novelty and zest of life."

"Have you many visitors here at the moment?"

"I am happy to say we have none, except yourself."

I did not quite understand why this should afford him satisfaction, but presumed that he was glad to be able to give his undivided attention to a friend of Sparkes's.

"The fee," he continued, "is, as Sparkes has doubtless told you, a standardised one of twenty guineas weekly, and, as a matter of routine, we accept it at the beginning of each week."

He paused. I drew out my cheque-book, and made out a cheque for twenty guineas.

"This," he said, as he took it, "covers everything, except, naturally, wine or any purely personal extras. Well, I hope we shall have you here for some weeks, and, by the way, you will give a week's notice, won't you? It's our custom, and simplifies the running of the place."

The Altered Pattern

Why should I torture myself by detailing the agonies of the week that followed? Yet expression eases pain, they say. I had arrived at Felicity at six on the evening of Easter Monday. At eight I was served with a lightly boiled egg, a cup of coffee, and two thin slices of toast. I bore this with patience, though I experienced no sense of renovation from dining off my breakfast. At two a.m. I was awakened by the man attendant about the place, and taken for a twenty-five minute stroll. In a listless tone, from which I judged that he was passing on information of no interest to himself, he directed my attention to various nocturnal phenomena. An inspired naturalist might have reconciled me to this experience. As it was, I turned into bed again in no very enviable frame of mind.

On the following day I dined at breakfast, had afternoon tea for lunch, breakfasted at afternoon tea, and lunched in the evening. Between five-thirty and seven the next morning, the man attendant took me for a run in my car. No food was served to me until noon, when I had afternoon tea. Enough! Enough! Suffice it to say that I endured this torture for a week. Yesterday afternoon the head of this precious health establishment, on whom I had not clapped eyes throughout the week, reappeared.

"You wish to leave at once?" he asked, after I had unpent myself.

"At once, sir! At once!"

"I am sorry you have not benefited more," he said, and, touching a bell, asked for my account. It was for twenty-seven guineas! Seven for extras, and twenty in lieu of a week's notice! The extras included baths and the service of the attendant as chauffeur! Oh, the infamy of it all!

"I shall pay for my wine, and not a penny more, sir!" I thundered.

"In that case I am afraid I shall have to retain your personal effects," he said.

THE PADDED CELL

" You are a swindler, sir ! I shall have the law on you and Sparkes ! "

" What is your case ? "

" I am the only person here. "

" Did Sparkes guarantee you company ? "

" You have ruined my digestion, and utterly disorganised my nervous system by the ridiculous tomfoolery of your alleged cure. "

" I explained it to you in detail, before any money passed between us. It is an experiment from which Sparkes and I hoped for good results. In your case it has not been too successful. That is disheartening. One likes to begin well. But a bad beginning is often the prelude to success. I think it was Napoleon who once said..... "

" Damn Napoleon ! And damn you, sir ! " I wrote out a cheque for twenty-seven guineas, and flung it at him with a glance of unutterable contempt.

No more quacks for me !

By Royal Command

His Majesty The King has been graciously pleased to command that The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, shall henceforth be known as

The Royal Cancer Hospital (FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Musia

By Rawdon Malet

LORD D'ABERNON described John Sargent as "a man who achieved what so few achieve—the fullest development of special powers within a given sphere." Is it pathetic to use those same words of Musia? Not, at any rate, to me; for though it may seem a far cry from the most sought after portrait painter since Lawrence to a humble gun-bearer in Uganda, yet the comparison has more than a measure of justice. Both along the lines of their own specialisation advanced to somewhere reasonably close to perfection; neither had the desire nor possibly the ability, to achieve success in any sphere other than their own; and both were men of simple, and, in the best sense of the term, of humble character.

Blood, we are brought up to believe, will tell. It has certainly told in the case of Musia. His father was one of the best generals of the Baganda, the tribe inhabiting the southern part of what is now the Uganda Protectorate; a tribe far more endowed with soldierly qualities and the brains to profit by them than most Central African races. Musia and his brother were the children of a favourite spouse, and their father, who had wived freely was really fond of this particular family; but with the coming of Christianity as the official religion of the protectorate, it became necessary for him to become officially monogamous. Musia's mother was put away, and though his father still took an interest in the boy, he had, of course, ceased to exist as far as his official step-brothers and step-sisters were concerned. I will not call them legitimate, as it would suggest Musia was born to a baton sinister; nothing could be further from the case; he was born under the ordinary social arrangements of his own world. So when he was about fourteen, his father looked round to find him a job. Service in a good European household seemed indicated;

well trained by the right sort of *bwana*, he would never lack for employment. The father's eye fell on Roy Salmon, then a young coffee planter in Toro, today a game warden in charge of part of the Uganda Government's elephant control arrangements, and one of the greatest elephant shots of all time. Musia was handed over to him body and soul, and from that moment Musia set up Samaki (for that is his native name) as his own particular idol.

First of all he was tried in the house. Musia tried very hard, pathetically hard, but he was really very little use. He could never master the intricacies of knives and forks; he could never understand the screws that operated the petrol lamp; he generally managed to break anything he was given to clean. For Musia, apart from his own calling, is a stupid man. Then he was tried in the garden with the same results. Then on the plantation. Finally Samaki had to tell his father that though he liked the boy, he could hardly be expected to keep him. "Try him as a gun bearer," was the reply. "He's very interested in hunting." And that is how Musia found his vocation.

Now a really good gun-bearer need not be a superlatively clever man. Indeed if he is superlatively clever he will probably not have the makings of a good gun-bearer. He must be personally devoted, brave as a lion, obedient, tireless, and possessed of a thorough working knowledge of hunting. Musia had all these qualifications in full measure, and he was being trained by one of the great natural hunters of our generation. But he was being trained too in a hard school. Should Samaki find when he was being charged by an elephant that his gun-bearer was watching the oncoming tornado and not his master (and after all most of us would venture just a glance at it!) he would wait till the encounter was over and then see that the offender was given such a lesson as would ensure that he never, never erred again!

Very soon it became clear that Musia had learned the

first essentials of his trade, which is that though lions, elephants, buffalo, and rhino, charge you in a phalanx, your only duty is to be standing by your *bwana*, ready to hand him another loaded rifle. He was quite without fear and he loved a hunt. There seemed to be long years of joyful life in front of him, for Samaki was still young, and his plantation flourished.

Then came the war. It upset Musia's little world in the same way that it upset and ended so many other worlds of greater and lesser degree. Samaki went off to join the K.A.R. and Musia went too. He knew nothing of the deaths of Austrian Archdukes, of top-hatted Presidents sending telegrams to King George; indeed it was only in the haziest of ways that he knew that it was for King George that he was going to fight. His idea was that he would become Samaki's orderly.

It was the habit in the K.A.R. not to complete definitely a recruit's enlistment till he had had his first glimpse of army life. This regulation was a God-send to Musia. He arrived, just as Private Mucklewame was doing in far-distant Wishaw, imbued with the idea that he and his *bwana* were about to set forth on a glorified man-hunt, which would be the best safari of all.

He was duly fallen in and given his first lesson in marking time. At the end of half an hour he was still standing there marking time, raising one leg in all solemnity as he put down the other. It seemed to him to be passing strange. He paused awhile, and, thinking the information might be of value, pointed out to his instructor that they never behaved like this when they went shooting elephants. He was told to keep silence, and the parade continued. Musia is a very polite man, and he said nothing. He fell in again and marked time for an hour more. But that evening he came to Samaki and said such foolishness was not to be borne—he returned to Toro for the rest of the war.

So Musia went home; from time to time news came filtering through that Samaki was all right, and then

came the peace. For the next year or two they hunted happily together, and then there began the epoch that for Musia was the most glorious of all. Coffee ceased to be a paying concern, and Samaki took to elephant shooting for a living; first semi-professionally, and subsequently as a member of the Elephant Control Staff. Now, instead of their couple of elephants or so a year, they were shooting them in scores, almost in hundreds. Musia wanted nothing better than this. He was become the first of many gun-bearers. There would be two double barrels and a magazine rifle out; their safaris were definitely imposing.

Yet he remained utterly humble, for he still thought of his abilities in terms of petrol lamps. He was as willing, as contented and as unspoilt as he had been ten years before. He had become, too, in a small way, a man of substance. He was thrifty and he had saved, and so he took to himself a wife, a little Congolese beauty from over the border, with crimped hair, and big round lustrous eyes. She was a little syren. She twisted herself round and round the susceptible heart of Musia. Nothing was too good for her; he lavished upon her his entire savings. He hired labour and built her a hut; he furnished it with everything that could gladden the heart of a crimp-haired Congolese. For once he was glad when a safari ended and he could get back to his hut. Delilah had indeed shorn the locks of Samson. Then one day they came back from a hunt, and the hut was empty. Delilah had bolted back across the border to her own people, taking all Musia's possessions with her. He gave her up without a struggle. She was a Belgian subject. The steps necessary to get back his goods, let alone his wife, were beyond his simple comprehension.

One more essay he made in marriage. The cast-off wife of a chief she was, and Musia took her in the hopes of a *toto*. To be childless is something of a reproach to the African, and Musia hoped to find a remedy here. But whatever blessings were shed on the match by

Aphrodite, the Goddess Lucina did not turn her face to them and that wife too faded away. Since that date Musia has remained a bachelor.

In the worship at the shrine of his own particular god, Musia has had some agonising moments. Once, not so very long after he had entered Samaki's service, they were resting in the heat of the noontide beneath a tree. Samaki was reading a book ; Musia, no doubt, pursuing the greater and ever greater elephants of his imagination. As Samaki read he chanced to look up, and there he saw Musia watching him, frozen with horror, and as he looked at Musia there swam into his ken the head of a venomous little snake, which had crawled across his recumbent body and was now wriggling over the open page of his book. Their eyes met. The snake watched him with surprised interest. "If he strikes, he'll get me in the face," thought Samaki, "and then all chance of applying a tourniquet is gone." The snake continued to gaze at Samaki. Time and eternity stood still. It lifted back its head slightly. It was going to strike. And then it gave a wriggle and made off. In a flash Musia sprang to life—his stick raised for a blow ; but Samaki, who felt for once that he owed a snake something, bade him be still. It requires presence of mind and self control to see your own particular god staring death in the face, and to remember not to move a hair.

Years after, when the war was over, there was another incident, which for quite different reasons three people are not likely to forget. It was a cold day and one of the second gun-bearers was carrying a hammer gun. His fingers were numbed, and as he was uncocking it, he let it off about a yard behind Samaki's ear. Stunned by the explosion he dropped like a stone. When he came to, a minute later, Musia was standing over the delinquent like a tiger over its prey, telling him that he'd killed his *bwana* and now he was going to make him pay for it. In quite what currency Musia intended to claim his vengeance will never be known, as Samaki was able to

intervene, and Musia's delight put all thoughts of punishment from his mind.

But the third and worst occasion of all happened on a day which was at any time heavy with the hand of fate as far as Musia was concerned—the day before Samaki was going home to England on leave. He had been sent on ahead with the motor bicycle to wait for Samaki at an adjacent spot on the road. He went off in one direction solemnly pushing the machine; Samaki departed in the other with the blithe step of one who is casting something of the dust of Africa from his footgear with every pace. Six hours later Musia, who had heard a certain amount of firing, was horrified to see his *bwana*, battered and bleeding, come tottering back to the road, supported by a local tracker. Samaki took a swig at his water-bottle and lay down while the tracker told the story to Musia.

They had wounded a big single tusker, and followed him into high elephant grass, higher than their heads by far. Till one has been through this experience oneself, it is absolutely impossible to visualise the feeling of utter helplessness that it engenders—even if you are an elephant hunter with very long experience. This particular elephant meant business and he suddenly appeared out of the grass about three yards away. Samaki put a shot almost head on through his eye hoping it would carry on and reach the brain. The next thing that happened was that a trunk came falling down out of the sky and seized him.

The elephant then proceeded to swing Samaki gently to and fro, rather as if he were conducting some unknown elephantine orchestra, to beat a place down in the grass wherein to finish off his victim. This done, he threw him between his legs and knelt on him. Fortunately Samaki was able to wriggle forward and get under his belly, but every time that he tried to exit, the elephant kicked him back. In the meantime his gun-bearer, a very plucky boy, had come up, and thinking to approach

where there was least danger, he advanced on the side where there was no tusk, to try and get hold of Samaki's rifle. Unfortunately that was the side where there *was* an eye, and before he could take the rifle the elephant had brought his trunk crashing down on to the boy's skull, and killed him. This may sound far-fetched, but it is nevertheless true.

Then the trunk came slowly round between the front legs again and began feeling for his victim. It was at this juncture that Samaki very nearly lost his head, and gave way to the almost irresistible impulse to beat at it. With a great effort he refrained, and as he cowered back towards the hind legs, a native tracker, who was with them, ran up and seized the rifle. He had never previously fired one, and he used it from the hip, emptying the magazine into the side of the elephant. This sent the beast off, but before doing so, he got hold of Samaki, twisted his head round in his trunk, and then threw him violently into the bushes. The elephant was found dead a hundred yards further on the next day.

That was the state in which Musia found Samaki. One wrist broken and several ribs cut and bruised all over, and the whole of his internal mechanism in a jumble. Poor Musia! Between them they started the motor-bike, and Samaki got on it and drove slowly off on an elliptical course to the nearest succour twenty miles away. And Musia ran desperately, despairingly, behind. Nine months later Samaki came back from leave—a leave which was chiefly spent in hospital—and the old life began again; and Musia, like a dog which has got over his quarantine, was welcoming back his master.

Musia has had many distinguished patrons, for Samaki is a superb showman and much in demand as such. But he remains quite unspoilt. He had, of course, only a vague idea of the importance of his patrons, but he knew they were Definite Somebodies, for did not Governors (the highest star in his social

firmament up to that date) run to their behest? He was aware, too, of the extraordinary stir that the elephant which charged the King, then Prince of Wales, caused. He knew nothing of the whys and wherefores, but he realised, as Pete Pearson (who was in charge) and Samaki advanced with the Prince of Wales into the high elephant grass, that even such old and cool hands as those two were a trifle more on their toes than usual. Musia kept close to the Prince with his second rifle; he knew his job and there was no need to give him any special instructions. He did not know that it had been arranged that if there was a charge, Samaki was to deal with the elephant, and Pete Pearson was to see to the personal safety of his principal responsibility. When the charge came at very close quarters, Samaki had the elephant covered and fired twice, while Pete Pearson pushed the Prince of Wales as hard as he could into a bush. The situation was a new one to Musia, but he knew his place. He rushed into the bush to give the Prince of Wales a second rifle should it be needed. It was not, for those few seconds saw the end of that elephant, and the nearest approach to violent death that any Heir to the Throne can have had since the Black Prince.

When, at the end of the safari, all the servants were lined up so that the Prince of Wales could say good-bye to them, Musia took his humble place among them. He had never asked for, or expected, praise in his life, and he expected nothing now. The Prince thought otherwise. "I'm not going to say good-bye to Musia here," he said. "Musia's coming back with us in the car to Entebbe to stay at Government House." And so it was. Off he went. Musia has never forgotten that, and he never will.

My own connection with Musia came on a shooting holiday in Uganda, when Samaki lent him to me. That is a great honour. The Tenth, as we know, don't dance, and Musia is not lent. Musia took me in charge. I was the new friend; I used to flatter myself that he became really quite interested in me. He would help to put up

my bed and pitch my tent, matters that do not usually swim into the ken of a gun-bearer. I was the new toy. Together we hunted every shape and sort of animal, and Musia always remained patient, willing, and above all utterly courageous under every sort of difficulty. Though a perfect gun-bearer, he was not a really good hunter—he was too slow-minded for that. His main idea was “there’s the quarry, let’s go and blast a hole in it,”—that is except with elephants, which from long experience he understood from A to Z. On one occasion we had to follow a wounded lion into some thick bush. Personally I did not enjoy it enormously. One could not turn tail, however, when Musia breasted the high grass as if he was looking for a spot to picnic in. It would have required far more courage than following a wounded dragon into the uttermost inferno. We had worked from dawn to dusk for four days for that lion. And to the *bwana*’s dawn to dusk day add another two hours at each end for the gun-bearer’s. Eventually we found the lion dead, and Musia’s delight knew no bounds, for he wanted it for me. My pleasure, I need not say, was coupled with relief.

Then there was the occasion when we were bushed. Our Karamajong guide was told to wait while we stalked (and lost) some eland. He was never seen again. For all I know he is squatting there still. We lost the way, and when finally we struck the road it was long after dark. Mournfully we footed the nine miles back to camp, Musia slightly in advance. It was black as the pit. Suddenly Musia began to unload. Thinking he had seen an unexpected but welcome car in waiting, I gave a loud cheer to which he responded with a hiss of warning. I then realised that we were in the middle of a herd of elephants, and that Musia was replacing the soft-nosed bullets with solid! We retreated backwards, as in the presence of Royalty, making ourselves as scarce as we could, but I am sure that Musia left them with reluctance. He knew of only one thing better than an elephant, and

that was a dead elephant. When at last Samaki picked us up in his car about midnight, poor Musia tumbled into the back seat without a word, and was no more seen till the next day. He felt he had let me down (which he hadn't). His face was blackened. His brown dog's eyes were more pathetic than ever.

The time came for me to say good-bye to him. I had arranged to give him a bicycle as a farewell present. He had always wanted a bicycle. Years before, Samaki had given him the money to buy one as a parting present before going on leave. Musia's brother arriving shortly afterwards, persuaded him that it would be far better to invest the cash in his fish business. A bicycle would be worn out in a couple of years, years that are as nothing to a prosperous fish business. Besides, the other servants would infallibly borrow it. Musia, as I have already indicated, is a child in these matters. And the money went west. Now that a bicycle materialised at long last, he was ecstatic. He jumped up and down. He went off to tell Samaki. He had reached the sum total of human felicity.

Parting from a European is merely a social formula—there is the air mail, even the long-distance telephone. There is that little reunion in the club on the shady side of Pall Mall, that bottle that we have so often split in anticipation in bush or jungle. To the African, with the African, the sense of finality is far more pressing—and I am no less sentimental than any other Briton. As I watched the little figure in his torn khaki uniform giving a final tug at the straps of my valise, his face and manner recalling so strongly a prize-winner in a good class of gun dogs, I was assailed more strongly than ever I had been before with the feeling of the inferiority of many of the standards of my own world.

No Quiet in Spain

By John Bell

THE serious situation in Spain can in a large measure be attributed to the politicians who drew up the Constitution of the Republic. Here is a country which only a short time before it dispensed with the monarchical system was enjoying internal peace and comparative prosperity under the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera. This dictatorship was anathematised by the politicians who are now in power for the second time since the institution of the Republic; but it has to be said that during the seven years of its existence Spain was free from the turmoil, bloodshed and scenes of destruction with which she is now painfully familiar.

What is happening in Spain today and what may conceivably occur in the immediate future, unless the Azaña Government can restore law and order without offending the Socialists, Syndicalists and Communists who put it in power, may well suggest the question: Were the framers of the Constitution well advised in modelling the Republic on that of Soviet Russia? Spain was not ready in 1931, and she is not ready now, for "a democratic Republic of workers of all kinds." Efforts had to be made by the politicians of the Left to live up to the Constitution. Promises of a better and richer life were made to the peasants and industrial workers. In some cases these promises were fulfilled not at the expense of the State alone, but at the expense of those who were not "workers of all kinds." Was it to be wondered at that the measures of expropriation and spoliation in the interest of the Institute of Agrarian Reform, the penalising of employers in the interest of the Workmen's Charter, were resented? The setting up of self-governing peasant communities was a fine ideal, and no one who knows Spain will deny the necessity of improving the lot of the industrial workers. Re-

adjustments of wages were long overdue; the general well-being of the working-classes was far below the standard reached in other countries; there was more poverty in Spain than was to be found in most other European countries; the Church with its treasures and the big landlords with their wealth did not always respond to the call to make the lot of the poor happier.

It was this condition of things which gave Spain the reputation of being a backward nation. The municipal vote of April 12, 1931, heralded the fall of the monarchy, and it was not surprising that the result of the first parliamentary election was a swing to the Left. Señor Azaña had great opportunities when he was at the head of the first Republican Government. But he misused them. He was in too great a hurry to create the New Spain of his dreams. He set out to interpret the Constitution of the Republic to the letter, forgetting that the country had elements of population which were not "workers of all classes," were not even democratic. So, instead of going about the business of transforming the country cautiously and gradually instituting reforms, some of which were much needed, he formulated a programme of measures against some of which many Republicans rebelled.

The Socialists were so strong in the Cortes that Señor Azaña had to include their leaders in his Government. He was accused of pandering to the Socialists which at that time had not the sympathy of all the workers—the members of the National Confederation of Labour refused to cooperate with them—and there was no doubt that he lost authority by the attacks continually made upon him by the powerful minority. In time the minority succeeded in detaching from the majority a certain number of moderate Republicans who were not in sympathy with the Socialism preached by Señor Largo Caballero and Señor Prieto, both ministers. Then began a policy of systematic obstruction which became intensified by the measures of

repression taken against the Church.

Señor Azaña was none the less able to establish the Institute of Agrarian Reform and to get going the Workmen's Charter which completely revolutionised the relations between employers and employed, penalising the former and benefiting the latter; but on account of the growing opposition to him in the Cortes and the intensification of the policy of obstruction he was powerless to put into law other important measures which figured in his ambitious programme.

The parties of the Right were quick to exploit the growing change of feeling in the country. They received appreciable assistance from the Church, and the Monarchists, who had only one representative in the Cortes; got over their fright; and again became active. Propaganda told its tale at the next appeal to the country. The pendulum swung to the Right. Monarchists were returned in sufficient number to form a party. The strength of the Radicals was increased, and it was one of the first Republicans, Señor Lerroux, who was called upon to guide the destinies of the Cortes after the disappearance of the temporary Cabinet of Señor Barrios. Well-meaning enough and very subtle, Señor Lerroux found himself in the same quandary as his predecessor, Señor Azaña, whom he had brought down. He had to govern with a majority of the Centre-Right. It was far from being a cohesive majority. It had to be coddled. It was not easy to placate Señor Gil Robles, the leader of Accion Popular, one of the strongest parties in the Cortes, who stood for religion above all things. Three years ago I heard Señor Robles declare at a mass meeting of 12,000 people at Seville that Spain would go into the next revolution with a crucifix in her hand. Though, however, Lerroux was able to come to an arrangement with Robles, who then, as now, aspires to the Premiership, he was in the same position as Azaña, and could do nothing against a minority of 118, including 59 Socialists, who were determined to plunge the country into revolution.

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The revolutionary storm which had been brewing during the periods of the successive governments of which Lerroux was at the head broke in Asturias on October 6, 1934. It was a short but terrific revolution in which nearly 400 people were killed and 5,000 were wounded, while 63 public buildings, 58 churches, 25 factories and 800 houses were fired, not to speak of the robbery of 14,000,000 pesetas from the bank of Spain at Oviedo. The revolution was mercilessly suppressed by the Government forces which Señor Lerroux, old Radical as he is, took care should be led by men drawn from the Right parties. There was no doubt of the thoroughness of the Government's acts of repression. The revolutionaries, the Socialists, Syndicalists and the Communists, were cowed, but not effectively subjugated. They swore to be revenged, and were content to bide their time. The politicians saw the writing on the wall. Fearing another and more widespread conflagration they sank their party differences and collected their scattered forces. Henceforward there were only two political parties: one for revolution and the other against—Left and Right.

It was these two parties which fought the elections on February 16. Never in any country was an election more violently contested. Never had so much money been spent on election posters and literature. In every town the principal streets were littered, and in Granada, where I happened to be on the day of the polling, the main thoroughfare was in places covered with mounds of leaflets. Never, too, was an election result more surprising. Señor Gil Robles, the leader of the Right parties, established the amazing record of delivering a speech which was heard in something like 400 places at the same time. In this he made the confident prophecy that in a few hours the greatest electoral triumph for the Right ever known would be celebrated. What a disillusionment!

The full story of what followed the victory of the

revolutionary party has never been known outside Spain, and I doubt whether even now the terrible happenings are known to the majority of Spaniards. The new masters, the leaders of the victorious Left, decided that the victors should be allowed to celebrate their signal triumph. Did they count on orderly manifestations in the principal cities, or did they see no harm in permitting the manifestants a little latitude? They soon discovered that it was necessary to impose, not a state of alarm, but martial law in several towns. At Alicante I witnessed scenes of destruction by wrecking and fire which beggar description. The headquarters and newspaper offices of the parties of the Right were destroyed, churches and convents were sacked, men were shot dead or wounded, and at night time, when quiet was restored and the rambla of the town was practically deserted, it was possible to follow a trail of blood for several hundred yards. There was only one newspaper left—it was an evening paper of the Left—to record the savage work of the Socialists and Communists, but it did not appear that evening. When a daily paper published in Valencia arrived in the following forenoon it reported that the demonstration at Alicante had passed off very peacefully!

The military censors did their work very thoroughly. They prevented the dispatch of telegrams, and kept a sharp eye on the newspapers, blacking out matter dealing with the revolutionary outbreaks in different parts of the country where havoc similar to that at Alicante had been wrought. Later sparse details of what had happened leaked out, but anything like a full story of the Socialist and Communist bloody and destructive "celebration," planned out of revenge for the measures of repression taken to suppress the revolution in Asturias and Oviedo in particular, has yet to be told.

The revolutionary spirit still exists, in spite of Señor Azaña's pointed warnings. Both the Left and Right

parties are dissatisfied—the former because the promised fruits of victory are not forthcoming though the head of the Government has given the assurance that the programme on which the election was won will be carried out in its entirety; the latter because among other things, of the compulsory reinstatement in their jobs of workmen who had been condemned for revolutionary acts. It was, to say the least, a high-handed act to compel employers to receive back into their employ and to pay wages to revolutionary workers even if no work could be found for them. Employers protested in vain. Law-abiding workers had to cede their places.

It does not follow that the Government born of the electoral triumph of the Left will be able to carry out its programme and restore tranquillity. It is faced with the same difficulties which beset the first government after the institution of the Republic. And there are indications that it is animated by the same hatreds, by the same spirit of revenge. Witness the dismissal, at the behest of the Red parties, of Señor Alcalá Zamora, the President of the Republic, because of his Conservative tendencies. The bitter feeling in the country, the uncertainty as to the future, are shown by the cancellation of the municipal elections, and there are portents that these will be always reflected in the discussions in the Cortes. For it must not be forgotten that the parties of the Right form a strong minority, sufficiently strong to enable them to resort to the same obstruction tactics against which Señor Azaña could not prevail in 1933. Accion Popular, though beaten at the polls, is far from being discouraged. It has the religious forces behind it. Fighting the revolutionary elements are the Fascists under Don José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the former dictator, who, though they failed to win seats at the election, are giving evidence of dangerous activity, standing up to the truculent Reds and not hesitating to take the law into their own hands.

He would be a bold prophet who predicted that the Government will succeed in tranquilising the country. The fact is that, though it cannot be a question of returning to the monarchical system, the history of the last five years, which I have indicated, shows plainly enough that the testing time of the Spanish Republic is far from coming to an end. Settled government is extremely problematical with the country divided into two warring camps. Not so long ago the Communist strength in the country was belittled. Not much behind the noise made by the Reds, it was said. But I have seen too many clenched fists (the Soviet sign), too many sickles and hammers at demonstrations in Madrid, Malaga, Seville, Alicante, and other towns not to believe that Moscow money is speaking effectively in Spain.

What is it that has brought Spain to her present pass? The stupid idea that once the Monarchy was abolished the country could be immediately transformed into a Socialist Republic. They were short-sighted men—and the dismissed President was among them—who drew up the Constitution of the Republic. The only hope for Spain if her people want settled government and progress which they have not had since the change over from Monarchy to Republic, would be a Government of National Union pledged to govern in the interest of the country as a whole. From the present situation and outlook this seems impossible, with the extreme parties, stronger and more daring, working for a dictatorship which would mean the end of parliamentary institutions. But if the actual Premier or those who may succeed him fail it is either a national Government or a dictator of the calibre of the late General Primo de Rivera who, in my opinion, can give unhappy Spain the peace she sorely needs.

The Fiddler and Hare

By Richard Dawson

THE shot rang like a challenge from scarcely beyond the barn.

Carey sprang out of bed to the window. There was a low mist no more than man-high, but thick enough to blot out everything beyond a hundred yards. Nowhere could he catch either sound or movement.

"That was Thacker! God, under my nose!" he blurted, and quickly began to get into his clothes.

"It's only because we're in this room you noticed it," said his wife, for it was Christmas and they had moved to the back of the house to make room for guests.

She knew as soon as she had said it how foolish the remark sounded, but she was a little fearful. There was more in his fury than a farmer's exasperation with an incorrigible though very casual poacher. She watched him, so impatient that he fumbled in his dressing.

"I'll have him this time, damned if I don't!" he said, as he flung out of the door.

Lilian darted to the window. She watched his urgent stride down the garden, saw the fence shiver as he threw open the gate, followed him until he passed behind the barn.

She remained standing there, holding her dressing-gown against her neck, trembling a little with cold and vague fear. Outside, everything was limp and still and the edge of the thatch was dripping. Over the marsh the mist lay in great white billows and trunkless trees floated precariously. She guessed that along there Thacker would slip away as he had doubtless done a score of times.

She hoped he would, less from fear for him than from liking. Her mind's eye held that odd smile of his, knowing without being insolent, and that steady contented step, as though the whole world were his and he were enjoying it. She could see that brown velvet jacket with its tarnished buttons amiably shaping to its second wearer ;

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the gun under his arm at daybreak, and the fiddle in the evening. She waited and listened.

* * *

Behind the barn Carey met the cowman.

"Where was that shot, Robson? Might have been in the yard!"

"Soun' carries rarely when it's this thick," came the answer, "an' I don't rightly know wheer it come from. I were i' th' cowshed at th' time. But if yer was t' ask me wheer it come from, I'd say th' top o' th' covert."

"Nearer than that, a damned sight!" rapped Carey, for he saw everyone shielding Thacker.

Robson yielded nothing but assurance to Carey's impatience.

"That's to the best o' my thinkin,' sir. Bein' i' th' cowshed."

Carey hesitated a moment, guessed that Thacker would escape through the mist, and turned back to the house.

Lilian drew from the window as he came down the garden, heard him take a bicycle from the shed and knew that he was off along the marsh road. She dressed, glancing through the window as she did, for the sun was rising, touching those sheeny billows into something gleaming and solid, and the pale steamy blue of the sky was drying brighter.

She was turning to go downstairs when she saw a figure moving along a hedge on the higher ground. There was no mist there, the man was stark as the hedge he was following. She felt a quick relief, not that he had outwitted her husband, for the merest disloyalty made her uneasy, but that they would not meet.

Carey spent nearly an hour on that half-mile of marsh road, cycling to and fro, watching behind this willow and that. He saw nothing. Temper consumed him at the thought of Thacker escaping again. He came from behind a tree, picked up his bicycle, and saw the man no

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more than twenty yards away coming unconcernedly towards him. There was the gun under his arm, but no suspicious weight about the limp hang of his clothes.

"There was a shot near my barn about an hour ago, Thacker!"

"Meanin' as it was me?" Thacker asked, defiance mingling with that odd smile.

"Yes, you damned rogue!" Carey rapped, snatching the gun. He looked down the barrels. One was smoked, the other like silver.

"That's the shot I heard near the barn!" he accused.

"No. I've not bin i' them parts," denied Thacker, with a slow shake of the head.

"There's been no other shot since daybreak. Sound carries this weather. And you've had a shot this morning."

"No. I'm not allus pertic'l'r 'bout a-cleanin' of me gun f'r'n odd shot," answered Thacker, holding out his hands for it.

He turned his head and looked across the marsh and let the climbing sun gild his unconcern.

Carey was charged with violence but knew better than let an unjust word pass his lips. He knew how Thacker could quicken the pulse of the whole neighbourhood. He knew there was nothing but to catch him red-handed.

"I'll get you, Thacker!" he shouted, as he sprang on to his bicycle. But Thacker only broke into that slow easy stride.

* * *

Thacker went home. He lived with his old mother in a two-room cottage, slept on a couch, often as not in his clothes, and did all the rough work. He never had a regular job, but when hands were wanted in haytime or harvest, for pulling beet or ditching, he would turn to for a few days. At night he would go along to the Wheat-sheaf with his fiddle and rarely had to pay for what he drank.

He made a pot of tea, warmed up a stew, and took some to his mother, who was crippled with rheumatism.

"Took an 'are off of Carey's bottom meadow. Left it wi' Tom. Met Carey out on 'is bike. I'll raffle it tomorrow at th' Wheatsheaf an' mebbe if it's left same as it were last year, I'll take it ovver to the Green Man. Mak' a bob or two mebbe."

He cut a hunk of bread and cheese and went off to a day's ditching. At night he drew his pay and picked up the hare at Tom Archer's. He was glad of it. Last Christmas, before the Careys had come to the farm, he had done the same thing, raffled the hare, stood drinks with half the takings, and then had the hare given back to him.

At the Wheatsheaf springs of holly, shiny as the varnished deal panelling, were stuck behind brewers' framed advertisements. In the passage between the bar-parlour and the public bar hung a bunch of mistletoe. Thacker caught the widowed proprietress by the waist and kissed her soundly. There was a roar of laughter as she blushed and pushed him away. A dim light still revealed the pretty girl she had been, a stronger drew out her uncomfortably worldly wisdom.

Thacker played a lot that night. Tom Archer looked in with his accordion and little Merryweather sang. The three of them decided to go carolling, but Archer took half-a-dozen of bitter home with him, and it was nearly midnight before they set out.

They played at the Grange and the Vicarage, in front of the two rows of cottages and at Moat Farm. Emboldened by his drinks and the five shillings they had made, Thacker suggested Careys. It was out of the way and they got there to find the house in darkness. A dog backed inside and the moon gleamed on the blank glaze of the windows.

"Mebbe they're out," said Archer in a hushed voice.

"Like as not they're a-bed, a-restin' of their digestions," said Merryweather, going forward on the lawn.

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They lined up before the front door.

"Wenceslas," said Thacker, giving the note, and setting a lively tempo forthwith.

The dog barked afresh. The sound went up to Carey's room at the back of the house.

"Hark!" said Lilian who wondered at the instruments.

They lay listening a moment to what they could hear above the barking of the dog.

Then John picked a fiddle out of this medley. In an instant he was out of bed and at the landing window.

"There's that man Thacker among them!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the three dark forms with the moon at their back.

He made to open the window, but Lilian pulled him back.

"Don't do anything, John!" she insisted, divining his mood. "Remember the season. And besides, I like it!"

"What, at one in the morning? Thacker's drunken insolence?"

"They're not drunk or they couldn't play like that! They're only merry. I shall give them something."

Carey did not want to set his wife against him. They had been so comfortable. In his impotent rage against Thacker he wondered what mad perversity could possess Lilian to make her want to encourage him.

"Then come back to bed and let them play themselves out!" he said irritably. But she only went back to take a shilling from her bag.

She ran downstairs, waited until they had finished a verse, then quickly unlocked the door and threw it open. But she had given no thought to the impression she would make. Three men ready to bolt at the appearance of Carey saw instead a shimmering blue dressing-gown and a face that had a tender loveliness in the pale light. Tucking the collar under her chin with one hand, she held out the shilling with the other.

But whether it was just the sight of her or pure devilment, for a moment Thacker made no move. Then he whispered. Archer drew out his accordian. With the first note Thacker began to dance something between a reel and a czardas. The beat quickened ; he fell into wild capers, fiddle and bow at one moment whirling in the air and the next coming together to strike off a short phrase. Merryweather clapped and whooped to the rhythm.

It was fantastic, those three silhouettes on the lawn. The noise brought others to the windows. Carey at the landing window could not believe his eyes. He called to his wife that she would catch cold, told her to come in and not to be a fool, but even when she continued to stand there motionless there was something that thwarted the rage he was aflame to vent on this madness.

Thacker was a man exalted. His eyes found no one but Lilian. He seemed to know his triumph in her heart, that as long as he danced her husband was nothing and he everything. He flung himself into more and more extravagant capers. Archer and Merryweather laboured to support him in their amazement. It was becoming more a frenzy than a dance.

Then as quickly as it had begun it ended. Thacker gripped the fiddle under his arm, the bow hung loose from his fingers. He staggered as he bowed and nearly fell. He approached Lilian, and, bowing again, held out his hat for reward.

" But it was wonderful, wonderful ! " she cried, as she dropped the shilling in.

He could not even say his thanks between his quick stabbing breaths. He bowed a third time and then looked up at her with triumph in that knowing smile. Carey saw it, but he could do nothing. He should have driven them off at once, the drunken swine ! But he had curbed his fury to humour Lilian.

" Wonderful ! " he heard her say again as Thacker looked at her.

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Archer and Merryweather stood limply by until money was thrown from the bedroom windows. They groped for it on the gravel, then sidled behind Thacker to the gate.

Lilian closed the door, the windows were drawn to again, and there was only the shuffling tread of three men on the road.

Carey was standing at the head of the stairs when she went up.

"God, woman, what makes you such a damned fool!" he raged.

"Wasn't it the most remarkable thing you've ever seen!" she exclaimed.

"What, you standing there in your dressing-gown in front of those drunken devils?"

"Thacker can't have been very drunk or he'd never have kept his feet."

"Drunk or not, you knew better than to stand there. Do you suppose there'd have been such a scene without?"

"If it was all a compliment to me I feel very humble about it," she said defiantly.

"God! Thacker!" he said with utter contempt.

"Yes, Thacker, John. Try sympathy if you want to win him over. He's not like the rest. He's a man with a heart."

Carey said nothing. He got into bed. His anger was unquenched. He saw Thacker behind all the poaching and petty thefts and obstructions that had beset him in the ten months he had been on the farm, behind all the trouble with the men. And now he was bringing his insolence to the very door. He was infuriated that Lilian should have behaved as she did. He could imagine the tale that would go round. He could see Thacker's smile as he looked at her. He raged within himself for not hounding them off.

His night was spoiled. He knew it was one of those times when Lilian in her heart drew away from him. Even in her he could feel reflected Thacker's insolent

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triumph. He was determined as never before to get the man.

* * *

There was no disturbing shot when next day dawned, but Carey, still mastered by his impatience, was up and out, walking through the crisp whitened meadows up to the covert. But his own sense should have told him of the futility ; Thacker was not a man to be up betimes after such a night, nor to poach when he could not move without leaving his tracks. His only relief was that when he came into breakfast there was no talk of the night's madness. Lilian had told their guests how he felt more compellingly than his impatience could have told them.

It was a glorious morning when the sun came up, all the dampness was frozen out of the air and the ground was brickhard. The two men down for the holiday, Brackenbury, Carey's brother-in-law, and Turner, an old friend, suggested a long walk. Carey went with them. The three women stayed at home.

On the way back Turner wanted a drink at the Wheatsheaf. He had a townsman's enthusiasm for a country inn. Carey demurred, it was his principle never to drink in the village.

" But it's Christmas, man. It makes all the difference," said Turner, heading for the public bar. Brackenbury followed him. Carey could find no alternative, though he knew Thacker would be there.

The room was full and the air thick with smoke. Two half-gallon jugs stood on the table. Raised tankards and cries of " Merry Christmas, sir," greeted Carey as he wedged himself in. One little fellow, Lumpkin, cocked a moist eye and asked all three if they would draw a card in the raffle.

" What're you raffling ? " demanded Carey.

" Why, Thacker 'ere, 'e's a-raffling' of an 'are.

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Same 'un as last year they sez, sir," he added, with a twinkle.

Carey cast an eye round the room. Thacker was sitting in a corner. The hare hung from a hook above his head. He had no doubt of the connection between the shot and the hare.

"Yes, I'll have a card," he said, throwing threepence into the hat and drawing from the pack.

Everyone drew. They glanced at their cards.

"Who's draw'd Kings?" called Thacker.

Carey and Lister, the blacksmith, held up their cards.

"Mr. Carey and Lister cut for it," said Lumpkin, shuffling the pack and laying it before Carey.

Carey turned up a six, Lister a two. Carey turned and stretched out an arm. Thacker unhooked the hare and passed it.

"Where did you come by this, Thacker?"

"I 'ad it gie me."

"Found it a bit fresh for your Christmas dinner, eh?" Carey went on, looking at the hare.

Everyone there knew the meaning of the words.

"It come a bit late," answered Thacker. "I 'ad me Christmas dinner a' ready."

Bolder spirits laughed. The insolence was not to be laid hold on. Carey could say nothing, but he determined to scotch the man by taking the hare. He drained his pot, but it was barely from his lips when little Lumpkin was filling it from one of the jugs on the table and Thacker was calling for another.

"Thanks, that'll do for me, Lumpkin," he said, when the pot was half full, for he felt it was less seasonable goodwill than familiarity that was being forced on him.

Turner was enjoying himself and ordered a gallon for the table.

Then the three men moved to go, Carey with the hare. It was the meanness of an exasperated man. He knew that Thacker looked to make a shilling or two, to win it or have it given back, and raffle it again elsewhere, just as

he was said to have done last year.

But they were not through the door when they heard Lumpkin's piping voice.

"Was yer thinkin' o' takin' th' 'are, sir?" he asked, knowing that Carey's annoyance could cost him nothing.

"Doesn't it look like it?" Carey rapped.

"Oh, yes, sir, on'y we wasn't reckonin' as 'ow you'd be a-taking of it wi' you, sir," Lumpkin explained.

"Then what the hell did you expect? Didn't I win it?"

"It's granted you win'd it, sir. Oh, yes, sir, by all jus' title right an' circumstance th' 'are be yourn, sir. But we weren't really a-raffin' of it, if you understan', sir. We was jus' makin' game wi' it, as your might say, if you understan', sir."

Voices had shrunk to a drone in the public bar.

"Where did Thacker get it?"

"A frien' of 'is, I 'eard say, gie'd it 'im."

"Thacker's friend is his gun," retorted Carey.

"It's not 'is on'y frien', specially round about Christmas, sir." Then he lowered his voice, but the drone in the bar sank with it. "An' you see, sir, we gets our bit o' fun a-raffin' of th' 'are, and them as wins makes a bit."

It was an appeal for Thacker in terms of all of them. Thacker the insidious moving spirit, Thacker who could shape them all into a spearhead against him. He had let the man get on his nerves. He saw Thacker in everything, his poaching and capers a mounting tide of defiant insolence. And the man had everyone on his side, even Lilian.

Brackenbury grew impatient of such petty meanness.

"For God's sake give them it!" he blurted, and everybody heard. Lumpkin cocked a hopeful eye at Carey.

"You see, sir, in a manner o' speakin', it be your turn to be a-raffin' of it," he said, but with an ill-tempered gesture Carey held out the hare and let it go before

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Lumpkin could get his hand to it, so that it fell on the step.

"Thank you, sir, thank you. We was on'y makin' game wi' it, y'understan', sir. 'Appy Christmas to yer, sir. An' you, sir. An' you, sir. An' thank yer," he said, looking to Turner and Brackenbury.

There was a suppressed tittering as Lumpkin trundled back into the bar with the hare.

"An' who's be th' owd 'are now?" asked the proprietress.

"Why, it were Lister as draw'd a King wi' 'im," said someone.

"But it were Lumpkin as got it off of 'im," rejoined Lister.

"Then we'll say as 'ow it's Thacker's mother's," said Lumpkin, "an' Thacker 'e can be a-raffin' of it for th'owd lady."

Glasses were filled. The hare was in play again. Merryweather shuffled the cards and Thacker passed the hat round.

* * *

The incident would have rankled in Carey's mind without Brackenbury's protestations.

"Where do you suppose he got the bloody hare!"

"Off your land, like as not," retorted Brackenbury, "but catch him red-handed, and keep a good face until you do."

But for months Carey had been trying to lay hands on the man. Thacker's poaching was too casual for him to be an easy prey. He did it only to put something in the stew-jar that stood for ever on the hob; he never did it to make anything. His mates at the Wheatsheaf knew that for truth. He was a man without a regular job, keeping his old mother, and their better feelings exalted him. This strange unfettered creature, bending to the wind, lying in the sun, fiddling their earthbound souls into that world of his own, capering before Carey's

wife in the moonlight—for the news was about—he caught at something in them as no one else did.

And when they grasped at their freedom Carey knew it was Thacker behind them. But it was not the freedom Thacker knew, they haggled about wages and hours, rights and wrongs, and Thacker cared for none of those things. His unconcern was insolence to those who could not comprehend it. It was insolence to Carey. Those shots at dawn meant far more than the killing of a rabbit or a hare. He could deal with that, but he could not grapple with the substance of the man. To catch him redhanded would only be to score a point, it would not touch the depths of the antagonism.

At lunch Brackenbury related the business of the hare. Lilian, who shrank from any meanness, looked at her husband reproachfully, but said nothing. She knew he was not himself when Thacker was in question. The others laughed. Carey just managed to curb his temper.

Then as will often happen, the whole affair was forgotten. Merriment closed over it and Carey was as merry as any. No pent-up exasperation dragged him from his bed at dawn next day, no impatience was reflected in word or gesture.

And that afternoon they ransacked the house in their preparations for a fancy-dress ball at night. Carey and Lilian, as a change from being husband and wife, chose to be wife and husband, in nigger guise. At seven they appeared with ebony faces and exuberant lips. Carey, obesely cushioned, was dressed flamboyantly, Lilian had flattened herself behind a boiled shirt. There was a shrieking and guffawing as she came downstairs.

There was only one hitch. Lilian was troubled about the hair that showed beneath her hat. She telephoned to half a dozen friends for something black and frizzy before one offered hope. It was six miles away. Carey and she were off at once. A fresh outburst of hilarity greeted them ; they were made to stay until the hair was arranged,

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and returned at the last moment in a hurry.

Coming on to a straight stretch of road within a mile of the village, they saw the local milk lorry drawn up ahead of them. It was facing them on the wrong side of the road. In the darkness just beyond it glinted the broken frame of a bicycle. A man jumped out waving frantically for them to stop.

"How can we, like this!" Lilian gasped to her husband in alarm.

They could do no other. The man blocked the way and ran up to the car before Carey had stopped. Even the sight of them did not interrupt his thick jerky phrases as he tried to explain what had happened. Carey got out. The man clutched at his sleeve and pointed behind the lorry to the tracks in the frost to clear himself.

"Is he dead?" Carey demanded.

"Ay. Gave no more'n a couple o' kicks an' 'e were done. My mate's gone back to th' village."

"Who is it?"

"Don' know 'is name. See'd 'un about. The fiddler chap."

"What, Thacker?" he gasped, as though the name of the man brought a dark malignance into the tragedy.

He went to the body and knelt beside it. It had been dragged on to the rimed grass, where it lay on a rug in the shadow. It was still warm, but life was gone. The old slouch hat had been placed over the face. He lifted it. The forehead was pierced with a terrible wound. The eyes were open, that odd smile lingered in the features. He laid the hat back.

It was Thacker's last triumph. There were no words for Carey's emotions as he knelt there like some witless coon and gazed at the smile that even death had not effaced. It was not grief, but the sickening horror of sudden death and the hideous incongruity of this last meeting. It was as if Thacker were but the instrument of some inescapable chastening. Lilian's hand on his shoulder, the lorryman's ceaseless jerky talking barely

reached him. Near the body, lying where they had been flung by the impact, were the hare and the fiddle dashed from its case. He had been going to the Green Man to raffle the hare again and play to them.

Lilian gripped her husband's arm. The lorryman repeated that he would have to get his load to the station. Carey told him to go and come back, then walked up and down the road with Lilian, waiting. Away from the body she scraped up some frost and rubbed frenziedly at her face to get the black off. John seemed to have forgotten or not to mind.

"I should wait in the car, Lilian," he urged.

Soon the man was back from the village. Then came the police ambulance. The body was laid on a stretcher and lifted in. There were inquiries. A constable asked if his mother had been informed. Lilian called from the car that she would go. The milk lorry returned. Time seemed endless before they moved.

Lilian wept on the way home. She could see that merry figure capering in the moonlight, the bows, that triumphant smile. Carey himself was uneasy. But he wanted to forget and Lilian's tears set him on edge.

The sight of them chilled the impatience of the four waiting at home. Lilian ran upstairs to change. Carey stood telling them what had happened and pressed them to go on to the dance with a promise to follow.

Lilian hurried off to Mrs. Thacker. Passing the Wheatsheaf, she thought it best to take someone with her; the poor woman could not left alone. She looked in and beckoned to Archer, whom she knew. Barely had she told him when he turned to the bar.

"D'y'ear that?" he shouted. "Thacker, 'e's bin killed!"

Consternation brought a sudden silence.

"Milk lorry cam' up be'ind of 'im on a corner an' 'e were killed on the spot," Archer went on. "Mrs. Carey 'ere she's a-goin' down to tell th' owd lady. Can yer come, Alice?" he called to his wife, who was sitting

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with the proprietress in the bar-parlour.

There was a babel of questions, but Lilian was anxious to be off. The Archers went with her. She stayed awhile and then returned home.

Carey was standing in his fancy dress, a biscuit in one hand and a whisky in the other.

"Buck up, Lilian," he said affably.

She looked at him in astonishment.

"What, after that?"

"Why not? It was only by chance we happened on it.

"You'll go alone," she said and walked out of the room.

He followed her and argued, but to no effect. He went upstairs and changed; then sat alone in his own room. It was beyond him—such a man, such a way of living.

* * *

The village was aghast at the tragedy. Everybody spoke of it. "Bad job about owd Thacker," they called even if they had not time to stop. But they nearly all found time for the funeral. The fiddle lay on the coffin. It was Lumpkin's idea. He had asked the old woman about it.

"Ay, you'd as good bury it wi' 'im," she had said, "f'r it were 'is undoin'."

But the funeral was not the end of Thacker. His spirit lingered among them. It was as if some of his vagabond blood had been set pulsing in their own veins.

Then one day a thought came to Merryweather. He told it secretly to Archer and Lumpkin. They went to see the proprietress of the Wheatsheaf when there was no one about. A letter was written to the brewers who held the house. It was early in January when the news leaked out. The name of the Wheatsheaf was to be changed. A new sign was being painted by Wright, a man of the village. People went round to try to get a

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glimpse of it but they saw nothing.

"Wait an' see," he told them. They waited, and one morning their curiosity was satisfied.

Swinging from new brass fittings was the sign. Within a black frame was Thacker, head and shoulders. The features were crude but unmistakable. One one side of him was a fiddle, on the other a hare, and above, the new game in gilt letters, The Fiddler and Hare.

There was a special gathering that night. They raised their glasses and drank to his memory with a strange solemnity. Lumpkin had to speak to stem his emotion, and his voice trembled.

"In a better worl' 'e'd 'a' bin counted an 'onest man. So God keep 'im!"

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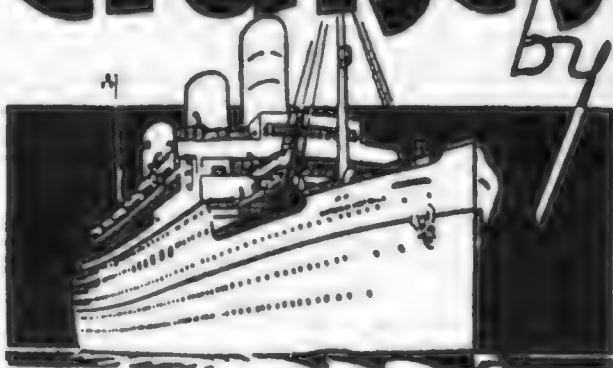
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JUNE

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From London (Tilbury) to NORWAY and NORTHERN CAPITALS, visiting OSTENSO, MUNDAL, BALHOLM, LAERDAL, AARDAL, COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM. Returning to Southampton July 31. 13 days from 21 Gns.

JULY

18

AUG.

1

From Southampton to the MEDITERRANEAN and the BOSPHORUS, visiting MALAGA, NAUPLIA, PHALERON BAY, ISTANBUL, SMYRNA, BIZERTA, CEUTA. Returning to Southampton August 22. 21 days from 36 Gns.



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In the Piazza

By Mark Henniker

AMONG the most insoluble of the problems discussed at the pharmacy in the piazza was the behaviour of the *forestieri*. Though it was unanimously agreed that short of being imbued with the *Spirito Santo* it was impossible to penetrate the mystery, this did not exclude it as a topic of conversation.

"My brains do not suffice," said the chemist, "to discover why they come to our country at all, much less why, of their own free will, they choose to live here, if everything in their own land is so perfect."

The tobacconist, who was one of the most appreciated conversationalists of the place, continued:

"Let us assume for the purposes of argument that in their own country every commodity is to be had for nothing—that the philanthropic shop-keepers hand them goods over the counter as presents, and that all serve them for the pure pleasure and honour of doing so, it must be well known that less gifted people do not possess this secret of how to live."

"If they were only polite about it no one would mind," said the shoemaker. "We cannot expect the same customs in other countries, and if the *forestieri* were better educated no one would take any notice of the extraordinary ideas they possess about us and our country."

"It is more often than not their own fault that they get overcharged," put in a fisherman, whose embittering lot it was to take tourists for pleasure trips during the season. "People so lacking in manners as to call those they employ thieves and liars at the first question must expect anyone not of the blessed saints to recoup himself a little. One suffers by this sort of commerce in more than one's feelings."

"For my part," said another fisherman, "I have now a hard heart. Such incidents no longer make an impression upon me. I have ceased to expect anything

more sympathetic than commerce from foreigners, and before striking a bargain I acquaint them with the fact that I am not a philanthropist."

The group was here extended by a stout lady of benign expression, who kept a fruit stall in the piazza. She was greeted with a cordiality which suggested that she could hold her own as a conversationalist even judged by the standard of a club untainted by female suffrage. "Good day, Maria Grazia," the chemist said, pushing an empty packing-case towards her. "Pray be seated; we are discussing the behaviour of the *forestieri*, about which, if I do not mistake myself, you will have something to say."

"Yes, indeed," Maria Grazia replied, seating herself spaciouly upon the packing-case, which groaned ominously. "I will recount to you what happened this morning. As I was arranging my stall three *forestieri* came up, a *signor*, a *signora*, and a *bambino*, a little angel, with blond hair and celestial eyes. The *signor* asked, without any greeting and in an impolite tone, how much the mandarins cost. Almost before the words were out of my mouth, he shouted, '*troppo, troppo.*' I continued arranging my stall, and paid little attention to what he was saying, well knowing that it was to call us all thieves and liars. After having given himself a full explosion, he saw that I had said the last word about prices, and he ordered me to put up a kilo in a bag. In weighing it I found I had put in two mandarins too many, but I thought it is of no importance, the *bambino* will enjoy them. Instantly the *signor* shouted out: 'You have not given the full measure, you have cheated.' So angry was I at this uneducated behaviour that I snatched the two extra mandarins out of the bag and told him to do the weighing himself. Yes, it may also have been uneducated, but such behaviour is apt to induce a rush of blood to the head, in which one forgets oneself."

Maria Grazia having paused to take breath, a chorus

of "*Ecco! Per carità! Madonna mia!*" and other gratifying ejaculations, testified to a community of experience which made receptive soil for a raconteuse.

"And what sort of *forestieri* were your uneducated customers?" the tobacconist asked.

Many years before, Maria Grazia had been in service with an English family who had treated her with kindness and affection, and upon whom she lavished an unstinted devotion. For their sake, Great Britain and all its inhabitants were championed with a loyalty that was put to a searching test in her daily encounters with the misrepresentative specimens who formed the bulk of the tourists. Barely a second did Maria Grazia hesitate before she replied: "Who knows—probably they were Germans. But," she continued, after this mendacious suggestion, "just as there are people who make one bad, when one has no such intention, by their ugly behaviour, there are others who by their sympathetic manner make one regret having enraged oneself. One of these, a *signora inglese*, beautiful and with a face in which one saw also a beautiful spirit, passed directly afterwards. She said *buon giorno* to me like a friend, and I thought to myself, "There are also people like this amongst the *forestieri*, and who knows if they are not the true type."

"It is a pity," remarked the tobacconist, "that the true type has to be so carefully preserved in its own country that it is rarely seen elsewhere."

A newcomer had entered the pharmacy during Maria Grazia's instructive narrative. He was a young commercial traveller who had seen a good deal of other countries, and whose opinions were listened to with the respect due to authoritative pronouncements. "Yes, indeed, it is a veritable misfortune," he added. "No sooner do they set foot upon the soil of another country than they lose all their manners and tranquillity, and even their sense of justice. Never in my own country have I been robbed as I have been robbed in the lands

of the *forestieri*, but of this I do not complain, for as a stranger it was to be expected. But why, for the love of God, should different terms be applied to the same thing in different lands? At Scarborough it was 'the season' and at Sorrento it is 'brigandage.' "

At this point a tapping along the pavement became audible, and the old blind beggar Arcangelo halted at the door of the pharmacy. All made way for him, and Arcangelo was accommodated with the best chair and an undivided attention.

"This question of the behaviour of the *forestieri*," he said, after the bearings of the discussion had been submitted to him, "is properly a matter of compassion rather than of condemnation."

"How do you make that out?" demanded the tobacconist, who as an avid reader of the newspapers was well aware that fewer privations and better conditions were to be found in the lands from which the *forestieri* came. "In what way do you apply this to rich people, who possess all the commodities and luxuries, according even to their own showing?"

"Do not deceive yourself, caro Pasqualino," Arcangelo replied. "There are other weights in the balance than those which are taken out of the purse. In the lands of the *forestieri* the blessed sun does not shine. Days there are, and many, when over all is a curtain of mist which presses upon the mind and, with reason, induces a heaviness and suspicion of spirit. We who have greater advantages should not judge too harshly."

The doctor had joined the assembly, and at the end of Arcangelo's exhortation he patted him affectionately on the shoulder. "Arcangelo has more light than we others," he said, "Who knows whether the cause of all international disturbances is not ultimately a matter of climate."

Lawn Tennis Prospects

By Sir F. Gordon Lowe

WHATEVER the 1936 tennis season brings forth it cannot fail to be productive of magnificent tennis and enjoyable both from the playing and watching point of view. May marks the opening of the grass courts, which is naturally the ideal time for every enthusiast. There is, indeed, no surface to beat perfect turf which always produces tennis at its best. All the big events lie ahead at which many familiar figures and several new ones will be taking the stage. It can confidently be predicted that the English players will continue to maintain their high position during the coming weeks.

Once again Wimbledon will be the mecca for all tennis players, as, in addition to the championships and the closing stages of the Davis Cup, the Wightman Cup Contest between English and American women will take place at the All England Club on June 12 and 13. The women's match has always provided a most sporting contest, from which there is much to learn. The possible presence of Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs on the American side, and of Miss Round and Miss Stammers on the British will make the coming struggle particularly interesting.

With a 9—4 deficit against them, England have a good deal of leeway to make up. Here is a golden opportunity for some of our young players to distinguish themselves. Our women will need to get off the mark more quickly than in former years and to steal some of the great confidence which their rivals invariably display in this match.

The Davis Cup competition, for which twenty-three nations have entered, promises to be particularly exciting this year, though whether or not America, Australia, Germany or some other country fights through to the challenge round, I think the odds are just as

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strong as ever of our keeping the Cup. Now that England has a first-class doubles player in Tuckey, and Hughes to come to the rescue, the strain on Perry and Austin in the singles is lessened considerably. Even failing Hughes, Wilde is in fine form and pairs up equally well, if not better, with Tuckey. Charles Hare is also a young man of outstanding ability, who at his present rate of development is reaching Davis Cup standards, in doubles.

One of the most interesting features of this year's competition is the early clash between America and Australia, the result of which may well decide who our eventual challengers are to be. This match will be played at the Germantown Cricket Club, Philadelphia, Tilden's home ground, at the end of the month. It is the first time since 1932 that the Australians have taken the war into the enemy's camp by playing in the American zone. A change of scene, however, is always good and their choice is wise. Crawford and his men were tired of all the travelling and continual change of surface which the European zone entails. Naturally, the Americans will have a pull playing in their own country, but the turf courts at Germantown will favour Australia.

In any case, the winners of the American zone will come to Europe comparatively fresh to play the winners of the European zone, confidently expected to be Germany, after Wimbledon. The young German team, von Cramm, Henkel and Lund who so nearly succeeded in reaching the challenge round, are obviously quite capable of springing a surprise. In the European zone final Germany should survive the winners of an early round match in the other half between Czecho-Slovakia and France.

The Wimbledon meeting, still the almost important event of the year for British supporters, begins on June 22. Mention of it conjures up vivid memories of Perry's wonderful victory last year, when he swept

through all opposition, finishing with a great exhibition against von Cramm in the final. It also reminds one of that tremendous battle between Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs for the women's crown, when the latter reached 5—2 in the deciding set and yet could not win. Here, Mrs. Moody made one of the most astonishing recoveries ever seen in tennis. The moral from her feat is that a match is never lost until it is won.

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Who will win this year? It is a rather dangerous question to attempt to answer at this stage of the proceedings; so much may happen before the big day arrives. I suppose, however, the men's championship ought once more to lie between Perry, von Cramm, Crawford, Allison or Bunny Austin. Perry, the quickest man who ever trod a court should, of course, do it again, but he has already won it twice running, which is in itself a record since the challenge round was abolished in 1922. Is Perry so immeasurably superior to all his contemporaries that he can accomplish the hat-trick? Personally, I think it is asking too much, even of so great a player, to expect him to do this, and the law of averages is against him.

Von Cramm will have many backers. Likewise the stout-hearted Allison, after his victory in the American Championships. While I think Allison has quite a chance, I cannot see Perry going down to von Cramm, as our No. 1 man is usually able to read the direction of the German's shots owing to his long swing-back.

Crawford can never be left out of the reckoning at Wimbledon, but much will depend on whether he can regain the touch and keenness which he had obviously lost at the end of 1935. Austin's polished tennis of recent years certainly deserves at least one lucky Wimbledon break, but I doubt whether he has the stamina to fight through a championship, which is

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very different from Davis Cup tennis.

Personalities change with amazing quickness at zone tennis, and close on the heels of our present-day champions come a still younger band who will soon be pushing their way to the top. Chief of them I would put Donald Budge, the young Californian who first burst upon the tennis world last season. Cool as a cucumber under fire, Budge has the ideal temperament for the game, and his strokes carry just that extra punch which denotes the future champion. Budge may well very shortly be Perry's most dangerous rival.

Next, there is a young Australian, A. K. Quist, who has lately blossomed into a fine singles player, winning all the major titles "down under" and claiming Crawford's scalp on three occasions. Whether this retiring young man can produce his Australian form over here, especially if he goes for the doubles as well, is not by any means sure.

Another unknown quantity at Wimbledon will be the twenty-two year old Swede, C. Schroeder, who on covered courts last winter astonished everybody by victories over von Cramm, Borotra, Henkel, and Boussus. The billiard table-like surface of the Centre Court is the nearest approach to the wooden floor of indoor play, so Schroeder will have his chance.

Probably more formidable, since he knows the conditions, will be the sturdy Henkel. Though not a strong player, this young German is extremely solid. His opposite numbers in the Czecho-Slovakia Davis Cup Team is J. Caska, another strongly built young man of much the same skill. Caska, like Henkel, can last for ever; his game is built around a very effective but rather cramped forehand.

In France, the coming man is undoubtedly B. Destremeau, who rose from being the Junior Champion in 1934 to France's fifth ranked player in 1935. Tall and fair-haired, Destremeau has all the strokes and should prove a useful Davis Cup recruit if he uses his

volleying skill more. Pelizza is another fancied French youngster. His game has plenty of punch, but he is too erratic, and I think Jamain is more impressive if less showy. M. Bernard makes Borotra a fine doubles partner and may strike a lucky year. The way Bernard gains ground on all his strokes is an object lesson to all. France, however, has yet to find players able to take the place of their musketeers.

I have already mentioned the rising possibilities of Tuckey, Wilde and Hare. The first, with a magnificent service and physique, should soon become as good in singles as he is in doubles. Another promising Englishman is the tall S. Hayes, former cricketer, who has the makings of a player, but needs more experience. At his best C. M. Jones, his partner, can touch the high spots. To be first class, however, a player must be able to strike a good average and this is where "C.M." fails at present.

* * *

Of the women, I think Mrs. Moody, who is immensely popular over here, may have a difficult task to win the championship for the eighth time and thus pass Mrs. Lambert Chambers' record, which she equalled last year, especially as she has not played much competition tennis since her 1935 triumph. Still, it would take a bold man to bet against her. She has most to fear, I believe, from Miss Jacobs, who knows so well how to play her, and from Miss Dorothy Round. The latter gave the Lady Champion a very hard match in 1933. It would not surprise me to see Miss Round return to her old form this season and come near to regaining the crown. Miss Jacobs usually manages to beat her in the Wightman Cup Match, but Miss Round so far has turned the tables on her rival when they have met in the championships.

Another English hope is Miss Stammers whose fear-

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less hitting and sparkling play have brought her very nearly to the top. At present inconsistency is "Kay's" only fault, and for that reason she is more a slayer of champions—last year her scalps included Mrs. Moody and Miss Jacobs—than a winner of championships.

Like Miss Stammers, Miss Margaret Scriven is also a left-hander with a raking forehand drive. But, in spite of her fighting qualities, she has not enjoyed the best of luck of late, possibly owing to a weakish service and backhand. During the recent British tour in South Africa this former French Champion came off second best in her matches with Mrs. Heine Miller. (Incidentally, it is a pity this very talented South African girl cannot renew her Wimbledon quests, as she would now have a big chance of winning.)

Next to Miss Jacobs, Fru Sperling will be the greatest danger to Mrs. Moody and our own women. On hard courts Fru Sperling would beat the field; fortunately for her Wimbledon opponents, she is not quite so effective on grass. In big lawn tennis Mme. Mathieu of France who, like Fru Sperling, also relies on a rock-like defence, is sometimes disappointing, though always hard to beat and is invariably well up at Wimbledon. Mlle. Jedrzejowska, of Poland, is another continental girl who is playing very sound tennis just now.

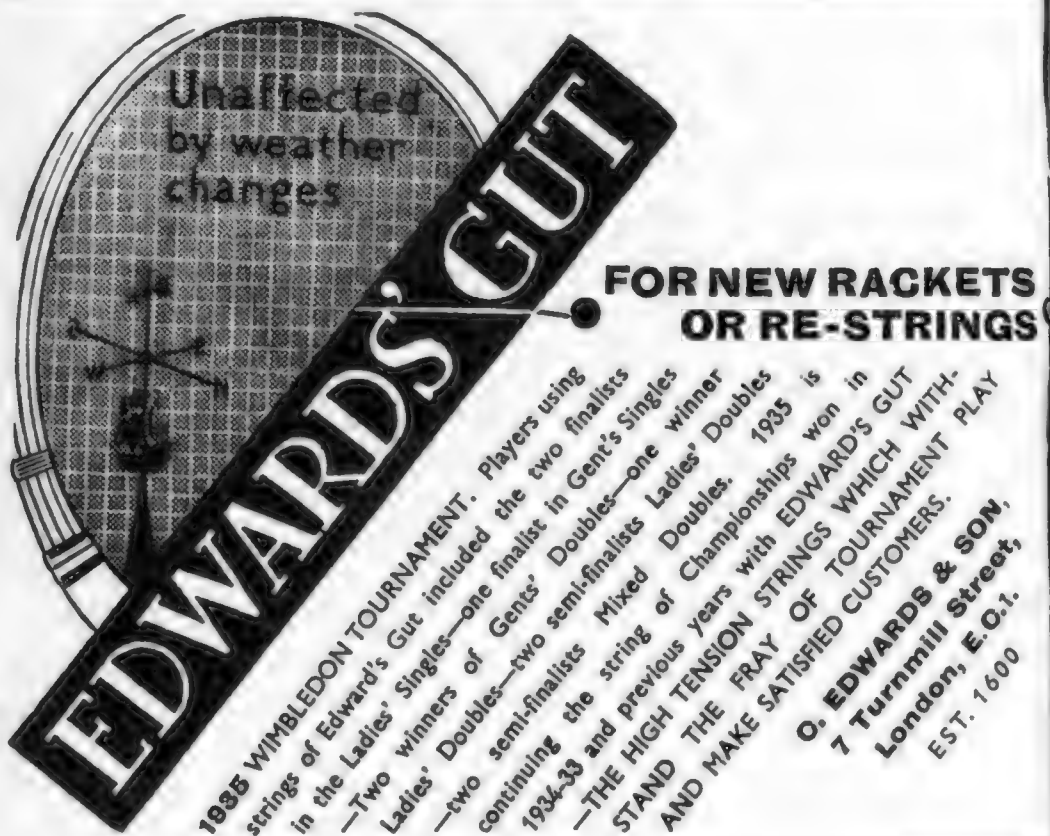
The clever Mrs. Palfrey Fabyan, who will be a member of the U.S.A. Wightman Cup Team will add colour to the proceedings. She is a delightful volleyer, who always does something with the ball and though short has a fine service, well worth studying, which has helped her out of many a tight corner. The boylike Miss Babcock, with her short curly hair, is another American who will catch the eye of Wimbledon. Then there is that charming personality, Senorita Lizana, Champion of Chile, who learnt her tennis by playing only against men. I cannot leave Wimbledon without mentioning the smiling Czecho-Slovakian Mlle. Cepkeva, now Mme. Outrateva, known as the Greta Garbo of the courts,

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against whom Mrs. Moody had such a close match last year.

* * *

In conclusion, let me say a few brief words on women's dress which has made such a rapid advance of late, leaving the men well behind. One cannot help admiring the smart workmanlike shorts of varying style which are such a feature of feminine tennis today. These garments certainly make a sensible and becoming attire, allowing for the maximum freedom of stroke. In this connection it is amusing to think of the fuss made only a few years ago when Mrs. Robins of South Africa, then Miss Tapscott, threatened to appear on the centre Court with bare legs. Things have certainly changed.



Unaffected by weather changes

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Representative Men

V.—Neville Chamberlain

CHAMBERLAIN was a name to conjure with in British politics two generations ago. It may be a name to conjure with in the politics of the generation just about to come. For, though Sir Austen Chamberlain has forgone the brilliant future that seemed in prospect before his illness in 1929, his half-brother, Neville Chamberlain, remains in office. And, though there is in Neville Chamberlain none of the histrionic quality that helped to make Joseph Chamberlain famous, he has other of his father's qualities which may count more.

If Mr. Baldwin represents the average English countryman—I say “if,” because I do not believe he does; then Mr. Chamberlain represents the average English business man. He was trained in business. The Budget he has just presented to Parliament is a business man's Budget. He has the business man's love of a well-balanced bank account. He lacks, as the business man is popularly (though not always accurately) supposed to do, any trace of emotionalism in speech or gesture. He dresses as a business man does, and behaves at all times, public and private, with a dignity which would make him a worthy representative of the City of London.

But if that were all there is in Neville Chamberlain, he would not be the possible Prime Minister of Britain tomorrow. He has no orchid as his father had, but he has his father's persistency—or, opponents would say, obstinacy. He is a born administrator and a hard and thorough worker. Though he rarely displays it, he is surprisingly capable of deep feeling on the most human of subjects. At a time when he was proposing greater state expenditure to prevent maternal mortality, he was baited by Labour opponents for what they thought his lack of humanity. Their feeling, and that of the whole House, changed suddenly when Mr. Neville Chamberlain

revealed that his own mother had died in giving him birth. He has never since then, to the best of my recollection, expressed any personal emotion in public. Such public expression would, indeed, be entirely foreign to his nature. But the knowledge of his private kindness and humanity has spread gradually beyond his private circle, and the legend of a bloodless automaton is no more.

It has been said that Neville Chamberlain was "not intended for politics," certainly until well on in years he showed no sign of desire to enter into at any rate national politics. But with his father's tradition behind him and his father's character in him, he could not but do so in the end, notwithstanding that early life had given him no particular training for it.

Neville Chamberlain was born, sixty-seven years ago, in Birmingham, and educated at Rugby. He left Rugby to go, first into the family business in Birmingham, next to the West Indies to grow sisal. The sisal business was a failure, for in those days the Admiralty had a prejudice against its use for hawsers, and Neville Chamberlain returned to Birmingham. There he went through several industries and through local politics to the Lord Mayoralty of the city, which he achieved in 1915 at the comparatively early age of forty-six. Three years later he entered Parliament, having presumably by then overcome the obstacle indicated in an earlier statement that "I must wait until I can afford it."

For four years he lay low in Parliament, doing his work thoroughly—indeed, he is incapable of doing it otherwise—but making no great impression on his fellow-members. Then he was suddenly elevated to the Front Bench and began to make his reputation. It has been made as much in Whitehall as in Westminster. The training in municipal affairs told in the conduct of a government department. When at one time it was undecided whether Neville Chamberlain should go to the Treasury or the Ministry of Health, the officials of the

Ministry offered a prayer that he might be given to them. He was, both for a short time in 1923 and for the five years of Mr. Baldwin's second administration.

As Minister he had to carry through some of the most controversial measures of the time, among them various housing schemes and the Derating Act. He did so with the assurance of a man master of his subject, skilled to defend it and, not perhaps inspired, but certainly filled, with the conviction that his path was the right one. His greatest triumph, however, came when he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the National Government of 1931. It then fell to his lot to put into force some half of the policy of tariff change which his father had advocated. He is known throughout the Continent as the man who reversed a secular British free trade policy. It is characteristic of the manner in which great changes are little heeded in Britain that that episode in his career is now almost forgotten.

Since 1931 Neville Chamberlain has done nothing notable. He has "carried on," a model business man in charge of a nation's expenditure. The model business man was the ideal for the first three of the years that have since passed. Is he the ideal for the future, and perhaps for the greater control of the nation's destinies that the Premiership might one day give him? The answer is a qualified affirmative, but an affirmative much less qualified than it would have been five years ago. Neville Chamberlain has grown; at the same time the country has grown tired of both the histrionic and the shuffling politicians. It would welcome a man who is true to his principles and loyal to his fellow-Ministers; whose mind, if not imaginative, is at any rate clear of the kind of sentimental love of England that leads nowhere; whose humanity is recorded not in words, but in acts; whose care in office is not merely to discharge his work honestly, but to give it all his energies.

Neville Chamberlain is not likely to become Prime Minister while Mr. Baldwin remains in active politics,

for he is not by nature an intriguer. But, should Mr Baldwin retire in this, the year that marks the centenary of Joseph Chamberlain's birth, then the loyalty of Joseph Chamberlain's second son would make him more than ever likely to succeed Mr. Baldwin in the care of Britain's destiny.

BRITANNICUS VIATOR.

On James Joyce

By W. A. Rathkey

On Mr. James Joyce, and his much disgust Works in Progress.

Dear Myster Choice,

Your loneliness
occasions me ingrate distress,
Eye can't persieve whyso sin seer
a mossage is, alles, nunc Lear.
Fernsprecher du at one two owe,
no maid avails! but so so, ho!
Like all plunners, Juanita mate,
why sift in solitaire estate?
Boast writus have a manwhosays,
and nothung need but cry Oh, Yez!
butt you, who robelais our tongue
remain none honoured and none sung.
Pleas parlour view, and Latmos he
an andsir! to your vexed to see.
Mienwohl, earwith these paradies—
concussive pouf of my dis-ease.

ON JAMES JOYCE

Wiles plumming in the bathos room
I concocktailed this trail of groom,
oogrew, oogret, so selldem gyve
to kleep a worman's hearth alive.
"Trink up, Trinket, quoff quoffing I,
Isolda soldier she no shy!"
she shoved the shame on shun one elj,
profairably that rundun welj . . .

I cud not spin the yawn furlong
mittout mittinsite to your song,
so tetch me innertouching truth
the smother tongue to root and ruth.

I wanna sing of ancient love
in arkache language lahka dove,
and cry "Rupée" or "Earacher,"
here, crumbs, anether wiord faker!
why not centente with Anglish speech
incurse all litters witting reach:
try lingual, Hunderstanmi, Deutsch,
and English, when we lack a cheutsch.

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London River

By Edward Hale

GEOGRAPHIES call it the Thames. But sailors call it London River. In a place which is and has been of such importance for sailors, their opinion should surely prevail. It should prevail the more surely in that the inhabitants of London, to whom the river might of right seem to belong, most shamefully neglect it. There are papers devoted to London River and there are good books about London River, notably by Mr. A. P. Herbert. But ask ten Londoners at random, and I doubt if you will find two who know any more of their river than is to be known by a casual glance from the omnibus passing over a bridge. The chances are even that of those two only one will know anything about any part of the river other than his own particular reach.

Partly that is the fault of the London County Council, which does little to encourage passenger traffic on the river. To an even greater extent it is the result of English inertia. For in summer there are a number of excellent steamer services up and down the river, while the year round there are boats of all sizes and sorts to be had for a small price. If you cannot afford a cruise, or have a week left over when you have been on one, take a boat of some kind—within wide limits almost any kind will do—and follow the river's course as far as you can from Twickenham down to the Nore. You will be in sight of English land all the time; and half the time as far removed in spirit from the land you know as ever you could be on a Continental tour. Any passenger in any liner knows the psychological change that is undergone the moment the ship leaves port; and what is true of the ocean liner is true equally of lesser and river craft.

Start, then, from Twickenham, the beginning of that green and pleasantly idyllic Thames country which to a Northerner like myself seems always a little false. Going quickly through Richmond and on, you will come to Isleworth. Like Twickenham and Richmond, Isleworth is a pretty spot. But it bears this important difference

LONDON RIVER

from both that it is not easily accessible by road, which means that here already you are in a place where water men, and watermen alone, are apt to congregate. There is an excellent excuse for congregation in The London Apprentice, a public house which has some Hogarth prints around its walls.

From Isleworth down to Hammersmith the river banks vary, but on the whole remain idyllic, being especially so at the village of Strand-on-the-Green. Strand-on-the-Green is a street of houses of all ages and types along the water-front, in the borough (or whatever it is) of Kew (or perhaps Brentford) in the County of London (or perhaps Surrey). There are streets all round it, omnibuses within sight and trams within hearing. But essentially, like most of the Thames waterfront communities, it is a village, self-contained, with its local life, its local gossip, and its local "pub," The City Barge. Like many of his fellow-publicans on the waterfront the licensee of The City Barge is of a family of long connection with the River.

From Hammersmith down to Putney like conditions obtain—local communities, with their simple local life, their members as simply friendly as villagers in the heart of the English country, as un-Londonlike as the friendless foreigner sometimes wishes the Londoner were.

As far as Putney you would do well to go on the slack tide. From Putney to, say, Gravesend, you would then have the tide with you on the ebb. You would thus see the river coming back to life. Steam notwithstanding, the river's life depends on the tides, and, as the tide turns, all the multifarious commercial craft of the river—tugs, barges, lighters, Dutch motor-boats, sailing barges, tramps, and liners—get under way. At any point above the Pool you may see a dozen different kinds of boat pass by on the tide in a quarter of an hour. This variety and movement are the first of the river's attractions. They make tolerable a journey from Putney to Westminster which would otherwise be as dull and for-

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lorn as industrialisation has made the river banks.

From Westminster on there is the second of the river's attractions—views of London such as are only to be had from the water. The Houses of Parliament, the County Hall, the Custom House, Greenwich Naval College on the banks, and the river itself under the arches of a bridge—these are rare sights at any time, but especially so at sunrise, at sunset, or in one of the gentler London fogs.

The third, and for me the supreme attraction of London River begins in the Pool, with quays and docks and ships that pass. Here ships are masters, and the master of masters is the London tug, a fussy but efficient piece of work, beautifully kept. Next to a Port of London Authority launch a London tug is the most careless of others' comfort of any boat on the river, making a most abominable wash. But her master, if you go alongside, is likely to be as friendly as he is careless, will willingly show you his incomparably clean engine-room, and will tell you (as like as not) some tales of the days when he served in a sailing barge. These tales, to be heard in almost any public-house along the river banks that has not yet become fashionable, are a fourth charm of the river life. They may not always be true, and they may sometimes be sordid. But interesting they always are, and indicative of the exotic life that flourishes all unknown on London's doorstep. To be appreciated to the full they must be accompanied by sailor songs (which, incidentally, may be the latest music-hall songs as well as sea shanties).

Below bridges, that is, after London Bridge has been passed, the real variety of river life is to be seen. For here not only do the big liners pass by, but ships under sail are sometimes and sailing barges always, to be seen. Here, too, at three or four places, are the training ships for the mercantile marine—the old *Arethusa* has gone, but *Conway* and *Cornwall* and *Exmouth* remain.

Of the towns below bridges, one or two are surprisingly beautiful: *Gravesend* wears still an eighteenth

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century air, while Greenhithe (cement works notwithstanding) is a delightful small country town. Others are ugly, dirty, smoky, but fascinating still if you can overcome what is largely an affected prejudice against dirt. Thus, for instance, above Dagenham I have seen one of the most beautiful sunrises I ever hope to see. The water there is black, oily, and (probably) poisonous. But on a Sunday morning, as we came down with the tide in a thick fog, even the rubbish dumps had an extraordinary beauty. We did not, and could not, know where we were, except that we were in London River. While the fog lasted we were cut off from the civilisation a bare four miles away as certainly as we had been in the Arizona desert. We lacked water and food, and to get either would have been an adventure. There were without doubt other boats in the river; but their presence there in that fog was only an addition of danger, so we laid up, alongside some lighters moored in the river, to wait for the fog to pass. And as the sun came through, the colour of water and sky, and the shadows cast by Mr. Ford's jetty, made a picture as lovely as Whistler's Chelsea.

* * *

Below Dagenham the river scene changes again, alternately industrial desert, and pastoral. For miles there is desolate shore; then oil-tanks; then cement works; then the rural peace of some such village as Purfleet; then the shops and slot-machines and pier of Southend; then more desolation; then Sheerness, perched (as it seems) on a sandcastle built by some energetic giant-child in the middle of the river. And at Sheerness you are in fact, though not yet in name, beyond the river. Liners pass constantly on their way to far East or near West, and strange "hopper" barges carrying London's rubbish out to the sea.

Thus does London River go down to the Nore, where technically it ends, ever changing, ever interesting, often lovely. There are more consistently beautiful rivers in the world. There is none so fascinating.

Colonel Post

By Afzul Khan

THEY have excellent oysters in the Club on Thursday nights : I had eaten two dozen, when Crawford came up to me.

"Have you heard?" he said, with the irritating ambiguity of the professional bore.

"No," I said, but he was not to be put off.

"Old Colonel Post is dead," he went on. "Drink, I suppose. I remember....."

"I must go into mourning," I said rudely, and I left him.

But when I sat down before the fire in my quarters, my book remained unopened on my knee, for in my mind I was celebrating Colonel Post's ambarvalia.

He was a successful soldier, and a drunken old ruffian. I remembered him on scores of occasions striding into the bar with something of the consequence of a worn-out but still libidinous sparrow.

"I remember....." he would say ; and then would pour forth a spate of scabrous anecdote. He would tell me how wonderfully drunk he had been in Rawal Pindi in the Coronation year, how he had seduced a housemaid in Woking in the year of the *Titanic* disaster, how he had driven his car into a tree when returning from a guest-night just after the War.

I thought of him now as I had seen him three days ago ; for Crawford's news was to me a confirmation of what I had been almost hourly expecting. Someone had told me that Colonel Post was ill ; but fever is common enough in India, and I had thought no more about it until a servant had handed me a note.

"Can you very kindly come in some time today," it ran, "George is rather seriously ill, and has asked to see you. It would be very kind of you to come." The signature was "Isobel Post," and it was that thin, threadbare woman's one claim to personality. One thought of her as an inhabitant of corners of bare,

comfortless rooms, as so exhausted by life that she had lost interest even in death. She was a terrible memorial to twenty vanished years of her husband's life.

I went round that evening to Colonel Post's hotel. The servant showed me into a large room, and I sat down to wait, sharing my wait with a small, soiled-looking monkey which interrupted its search for fleas to squeak at me its suspicions and its fear.

After some minutes the servant returned and showed me into another room, sparsely furnished with a bed and some cheap bedroom furniture. Colonel Post lay on the bed with his eyes closed. Apparently he had not heard my entrance, and I stood amazed. In this man had joined together all the cold and austere patriciate of the dying. His gross red face had altered marvellously. The skin had tightened until flabbiness had been refined away by pressure of the bones beneath, the colour was now pale ivory. It was the face of a statue that I saw, wasted and severe on the pillow. And then the eyes opened, and slowly, painfully turned on me. One clawlike hand crept out from beneath the sheet, fixed an eyeglass in the left eye, then fell limply back. The pitiful weakness appalled me. Still we were silent, and so we continued for a long five minutes.

Then—"good of you to come," said Colonel Post in a small voice, "very. Goodbye."

I made some foolish remark about seeing him in the Club very shortly. Something of the old sardonic gleam came into his eyes:

"No," he said, "see you in Hell."

His eyes closed, and his face took on once more a frozen immobility. I left the room.

And now Colonel Post was dead. I opened my book, wondering vaguely whether I had a black tie to wear at the funeral.

The Sirens Sing to Ulysses

By Kenneth Hare

“**T**HOU noble Greek—
Hail ! Prince of Ithaca !
Moor thy black barque before our murmuring
grot.

Let Ocean speak
No blustering word more to thee : day eats day,
And brings but further toil to foregone toil.
But fell Charybdis boil,
And six-neck'd Scylla clasp her shrieking prey.
Be the whole tribe of monstrous births forgot.
But list our song,
For while our fingers sweep the ravishing strings,
We tell of those unutterable things
That lie at the heart's core,
And that men sicken for.
We dry the springs
Of sorrow, clear a brow o'erclouded long
With care, the seaman's lot,
And gently erase
Each wrinkle carv'd by labour and the hours.
Live joyous days,
In quiet spent
In our green grot, couch'd on ambrosial flowers,
Ye jolly mariners, our wish'd-for guests !
Or take, if waves ye will, our panting breasts—
There is a sea befits a sailor well !
All else is folly and the restless urge
Of sad humanity never content !
Forget, forget, forget the hissing surge,
The mouth-limb'd octopus, the blistering oar,
The still-receding shore,
The grinning shark behind thee, sentinel,
The weltering blast !—
Stay ! ”—

But the ship sped past.

Literary Notes

By Criticus

ng
A STAY in Devonshire last month, so suddenly decided as to give me no time for preparation, left me dependent for my month's reading on the resources of a railway bookstall and a rural library. The result was re-education in a kind of literature I had not seen since illness some years ago made me incapable of reading any but the lightest of books.

The railway bookstall gave me Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Links*, Dorothy Sayers' *The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club*, (Penguin, 6d. each); *That Washington Affair*, by James Hay, Junior, (Jenkins is.); and Edgar Wallace's *The Yellow Snake* and *The Joker*, (Hodder and Stoughton is.). The rural library provided a series of "thrillers" and "near-thrillers," published at various times this century, and ranging from E. R. Punshon's *The Cross-word Mystery* (Gollancz), which touched the lowest level, to Thomas Washington-Metcalf's *One Night in Santa Anna*, which belongs more properly to the Robert Louis Stevenson than to the Wilkie Collins tradition.

Presumably these "thrillers" fulfilled their purpose, the worst as well as the best, since, once I had begun reading one, I was unable to put it down until I had finished it. But in many cases finishing was the only genuine satisfaction, and in most cases the stories left so little impression that I cannot now remember more than the bare outline of their plots. Strangely or not—not, as I think, for I believe that the voice of the people is at any rate nearer to the voice of God than is the voice of a literary clique—the stories which left least impression were those which are most consistently praised by the critics. Of Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Links* I remember only the pidgin English and stilted French of Hercule Poirot; a second and a third murder when interest in the last begins to flag; a general odour of

middle-class well-being ; and a happy ending which was as much and as little justified as are most happy endings in books of this kind. Dorothy Sayers left a similar impression, heightened by the air of snobbery pervading everything of hers I have read. So did Anthony Berkeley's *The Poisoned Chocolates Case* (Collins) (contributed by the rural library) except that Mr. Berkeley has devised a novel form of presentation and a novel ending.

Back to Edgar Wallace

IN none of these stories were the chief actors given any vitality, realistic or romantic. They were literary creations, mouthing literary phrases in a literary world. I found Edgar Wallace a relief after them. He was a slipshod writer. He spent little time in characterisation : the Chinese in *The Yellow Snake*, for example, are lay figures from the "yellow peril" on which penny dreadfuls relied in my youth. His plots are of an ingenuously mechanical simplicity. But there is something genuine about his work and something true. If his characters are not vital individuals, they are recognisable types of common humanity. He has a sense of humour, dependent neither on patronage of his readers nor on patronage of the police. And he has a rather more developed sense of the dramatic than is shown by writers who leave another dead man lying about in every third chapter. There is no murder in *The Joker*. Yet it is as thrilling as, and truer to the life of criminal and other classes than, any of the work of Wallace's successors. That, no doubt, is because he really knew criminals. He was able to know criminals, and others, because he liked humanity at large. And he was able to communicate that knowledge, whether in a work of fiction or a work founded on fact, because he had also a reporter's training. My rural library brought me an Edgar Wallace I had never seen before, called *The Devil Man*. It is the story of Charles Peace, and, confining Wallace (as it does) not

merely to the possible but to the actual, it makes a most absorbing story.

Murder in Basutoland

JAMES HAY, JUNIOR, of whom I had not heard before picking up *That Washington Affair*, is a kind of American Edgar Wallace—simple, unpretentious and human—and I enjoyed reading him. But neither he nor Wallace gave me so much pleasure as Miss Emma Haldane's *Maluti Murder* (Eldon), another contribution from my rural library. Miss Haldane, I should judge from this book, is not a professional writer. But she has the knack, which many professional writers lack, of giving the impression that she is not writing fiction but recording social history. A trader is murdered in the Maluti hills of Basutoland, and several of his friends join the Police Commissioner in tracking the murderer. How they do so, after the interval of the war and the discovery of a Basuto secret society, is an exciting story. There is not only excitement in it, however. There is also much information, about the Basutos and their country, about Basuto fauna, and about the white men who have invaded the Basutos' land.

There, indeed, is the key to a "thriller" or any other kind of novel. Few people pick up a novel to be taught. Most people look to a novel, though perhaps unwittingly, to learn. (I am speaking here, of course, of the non-chess-playing, which is the greater, part of mankind). And it is by what they have learnt, by its store of information new or old, that a novel is ultimately judged. The information may be about a country or a people—a science or a technique, an animal or a place, or just about the working of one single human mind. But information of some kind there must be.

That is what made *Maluti Murder* worth reading. It was information about the Firth of Clyde which made it possible for me to bear the tedious plot and counterplot of another "thriller," D. Wilson Macarthur's *The Mystery of the David M* (Melrose). It is information,

devious and strange, which enables me to turn back at any time to the "thrillers"—I am not sure the term had been invented when he wrote them—of M.P. Shiel.

Life in Bolivia

THE Latin American countries, like Arabia, seem to inspire English writers in a peculiar way. W. H. Hudson, the late R. B. Cunninghame Graham, D. H. Lawrence (so different from the other two in every other respect) all suffered this inspiration. It was a noble suffering, productive of fine thoughts and fine writing. But it gave a hazy glamour remote from contemporary life. It was not that these writers could not see the trees for the wood; it was rather that they left their readers in doubt whether their wood was perhaps, after all, only a mirage. I was therefore especially glad to stumble last month upon a novel of Latin American life not only good to read for its own sake, but consonant with my own very slight acquaintance with Latin America and the Latin American character. It was called *The Black Mountain*, by Alan Hillgarth (Nicholson and Watson); was published, I think, in 1933; and, so far as I know, has not hitherto been noticed.

Its scene is Bolivia; its characters the Indians, the Cholos and the Spaniards; its theme the interaction of each on Patricio, an Indian brought up among Spaniards; its end a revolution outwardly like other Bolivian revolutions. There is a hero in Patricio. There is a story in Patricio's growth from boyhood and in his relations with the old Inca medicine man, Don Fermin. There is even an extremely mild love affair. But if all these things were taken away, *The Black Mountain* would still be worth reading for its picture of a land in which three peoples are psychologically, and sometimes physically, at war and over which there broods the shadow of an Inca civilisation not yet forgotten.

Gallipoli

GALLIPOLI. THE FADING VISION. By JOHN NORTH. *Faber & Faber*. 15s.

FOR some years I have seen something of the labours of this author. They have been on the heroic scale ; yet nothing has been so trivial to be of the war, I am certain no record beneath his notice. Having read most of the histories of any front has so completely, so dispassionately, examined all the available evidence, free from all question of bias.

Unlike the history of the Western front, all the evidence about Gallipoli is now available. The official histories have been written ; many of the protagonists have given their own accounts. There is besides a wide library of regimental records and of personal diaries, and the accounts of such famous writers and observers as Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, Mr. A. P. Herbert, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Captain Liddell Hart, and Mr. John Masefield. This historical work is contributed by a mind erudite, well instructed in strategy, widely read ; by a man who knows the terrain like the palm of his own hand ; it is analytical and courageous. It appears as if every single word has been poised before committal to paper, for the very reason, as the author is at pains to explain in his foreword, that " the merest nuance of expression may entirely alter the complexion of a true statement of fact."

No historian could have laboured more heavily in giving birth to his child ; and, in pursuit of this metaphor, I suggest that its father has been the *whole* of the available evidence on the Gallipoli campaign, from both sides. The author states : " There is not a single fact in this book which has been evolved out of a too fertile imagination . . . not a single fact, however, trivial, for which I have not kept the reference." I have myself seen these references, from both public and private sources. Thus, the father of his child is hard fact. And who is the mother, in such strange, incredibly lovely contrast to fact the father, hideous beyond description ? She is the spirit which broods over Gallipoli.

Mr. John North " was ready to believe that the Peninsula had a personality." He writes : " The ravines and the cliffs and the beaches of Gallipoli held for me an inward and spiritual meaning." He does not fail to convey this meaning. Father and mother, from the womb of the author's mind, have produced an historical masterpiece. But the book is far more than a mere record of facts, sifted and analysed and tested, for it glows with human personality. And this is the difference between what is often termed history—relating of events, time, and space—and that true history which, is so far as is humanly possible, also takes into consideration the intangibles.

No book which I have read recently has so nearly moved me to tears ; those of shame, for I am proud of my country ; those of an insensate fury of indignation ; those of pity profound. After more than four years of the front line of France and Flanders, including the worst of the Somme and of Passchendaele, I had thought I had plumbed the very depths of human suffering. I now know that the agonies of Gallipoli were deeper because they were never relieved except by wounds, disease, or death ; and—above all these—because, from first to last, those who participated were never given a ghost of a chance. The responsible authorities at home—with the exception of Mr. Winston Churchill, who was flung from office and retreated to the cleaner atmosphere of rat-ridden, corpse-strewn, lousy Flanders trenches—literally do not seem to have “cared a damn” for the men in Gallipoli. Mr. John North, records the words of a Turkish soldier who, pointing to the graves of the unburied dead in No Man’s Land, remarked, “That’s politics” ; and, pointing to the dead themselves, “That’s diplomacy.”

Yet this book is an epic of human endurance and of sacrifice. The author has found it an invidious task to name those whose conduct on the Peninsula shone with peculiar radiance ; for at no time in the history of our Empire peoples has virtue so risen above its appalling environment. But, since in reading my eyes have been dimmed with shame that the leaders of my own nation acted as they did, I am constrained to draw special attention to the record of the Anzac corps : of men from the new world whose nobility of spirit prompted them with pride and gladness in the “Mother Country” to do as they were bidden in war. If the newer generation wish to know why it is that ex-Service men appear strange and echo that almost indefinable emotion summed up in the word *Comradeship*, let them read this book and capture something of the spirit of the emotion itself.

History is of little value if we cannot profit from its lessons ; and this reflexion brings me to a most vital point. Twenty years have elapsed since Gallipoli. We are not much further removed from war than we were in 1915, and Gallipoli has, therefore, special significance, since the tragic Peninsula lies so close to the earth’s strategic centre. Twenty years after, scarcely one abuse which is here recorded has been removed : hardly one fact which contributed to such senseless sacrifice has been changed. We must of necessity reflect, therefore, that if we are to be agreeable to be plunged into another war we must also be ready to accept almost precisely the same conditions which encompassed the horrors of this campaign. Similar iniquities and follies were witnessed also

on the Western front in France and Flanders ; but here the field was so immense, the operations so complicated, that it is not so easy to focus the evidence. The story of Gallipoli is one of colossal failure on a scale surely without parallel. That failure was due to faults inherent in the political and military system, as the author clearly shows. He does not suggest remedies ; for that would be beyond the task which he deliberately set himself. But one thing plainly emerges from the narrative. If the British people are to be involved in any further war upon a national scale, all that is wrong in the governmental system must be ruthlessly removed. And national defence is not among the least of the tasks which a people expect of their government.

"If England dies, who lives?" There are things we must do with all our force and mind, for "England yet shall stand." War destroys first of all the best types—the strongest, the most adventurous, and the most virile. On this account war should be outlawed, if for no higher ethical reason. But as the world is yet constituted, I submit we have no power to contrive the end of war. In a world bristling with arms and echoing with threats of war we stand virtually disarmed, and such as we have are the playthings of the circus, dignified by the name "Tattoo." Without the means to protect our own cultural institutions and traditions and to safeguard the integrity of those races for whose defence we have accepted a world responsibility, we are doomed. If Britain, then, is to continue to lead the world, the power to enforce her will is necessary to give her some moral claim to be placed among the fittest and to confirm her right to survive.

Mr. North's *Gallipoli* is a signpost. I pray mightily that it will be seen by those—the British people—who move on the edge of an abyss : that the direction of its unerring finger will be followed. The responsibility of Great Britain and of the Empire, singly and jointly, is doubly great because of their opportunity, because the

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ARTHUR BARKER

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

world has a right to expect that greatness, not meanness, will come from those whose past declares greatness, and because now may be the last opportunity for men of the same racial origins and culture to give formal expression of system and method in the inspired leadership of their fellow men.

GRAHAM SETON HUTCHINSON,

Still Wild West

WESTERN THRILLERS. EDITED BY LEO MARGULIES. *Allan.* 3s. 6d.

THE West, it appears, is still wild. Mr. Margulies has gathered from a number of magazines with which he has been connected as varied a collection of "Westerns" as could be wished. They vary from almost pure slush to almost pure adventure. They are all welcome, however: not, indeed, for the stories (which for the most part are thin) nor for the characters (which are for the most part negligible), but for the background of six-shooters, canyon country, and horses with more than the well-bred English horses' intelligence. Those Englishmen who have always taken vicarious pride in the exploits of what they considered their Western relatives will be curious to notice that at most one-third of the names of the authors of these stories have an English ring.

ANN ZEISS.

Books Received

Inclusion in this list neither guarantees nor precludes subsequent review.

SUSPECT. By ALLAN STRAWBRIDGE. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

FOR READERS ONLY. By J. PENN. *Chapman & Hall.* 10s. 6d.

SPARKENBROKE. By CHARLES MORGAN. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

THE THINKING REED. By REBECCA WEST. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

MONOGRAM. By G. B. STERN. *Chapman & Hall.* 12s. 6d.

SONG FOR SIXPENCE. By GEOFFREY POLLETT. *Longmans.* 8s. 6d.

ALI THE LION. By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

THE BASTILLE FALLS. By J. B. MORTON. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

MODERN STORIES OF THE OPEN AIR. Edited by JOHN HADFIELD.
Dent. 6s.

THE EXILE. By PEARL BUCK. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

ENTER MUSSOLINI. By EMILIO JUSSA. *Muthuen.* 7s. 6d.

DIMITROFF'S LETTERS FROM PRISON. *Gollancz & Lawrence.* 6s.

KARL MARX. By FRANZ MEHRING. *Lane.* 15s.

Brahms

BRAHMS : HIS LIFE AND WORK. By DR. KARL GEIRINGER.
Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

A recent article in a German magazine points out the neglect of musical bibliography as a science. Its importance is shown in Georg Kinsky's discoveries among Beethoven's *Egmont* sketches. It is emphasized again by the appearance of a new work on Brahms. Dr. Karl Geiringer is the author of this book which has been translated into English by H. B. Weiner and Bernard Miall. Since 1930 Dr. Geiringer has been Custodian of the collection of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna. Thus he has been able to use extensive material in connection with Brahms which even in the numerous centenary publications was almost unnoticed. The material includes the composer's sketches (which are rare since he usually destroyed his first drafts), the manuscripts, which the author has traced developments and modifications in works up to the time of publication, and Brahms's own copies of his published music, in which he sometimes made alterations for future editions.

Dr. Geiringer has therefore had a unique opportunity of studying the composer's methods of building up his works. In the archives of the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*, for example, are sketches of the two Clarinet Sonatas. The drafts of the opening movement of the F minor Sonata show that Brahms first of all wrote down the melody and the bass. In making these sketches there was no time, and no need to work out the details of part-writing; but it is interesting to note that the final version contradicts the skeleton form at no important point. It is clear, as this author points out, that Brahms had a very nearly complete conception of a work before writing it down.

Incidentally, in the section of this book which is devoted to the music, the translators (unless it is the author) are to blame for inconsistency in the printing of titles. On the same page we find Clarinet Quintet in ordinary type and Clarinet Sonata in italics. I draw attention to this detail because many English books on music carry the same defect. Is it too much to expect an author to decide on this point before he plunges into his work? Failing that, perhaps publishers will agree to formulate some general rules.

If anyone should doubt the necessity of bringing out another book on Brahms so soon after the centenary commotion, he has only to read the quotations from some of the letters written to the composer which have hitherto been inaccessible. Most of this correspondence is from the composer's mother, father, brother and sister. It is especially important in that it helps us to correct

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recent psycho-analytical studies, notably those of Schaffler and Hitschmann. For my part, I cannot see how any future biographer of Brahms can subscribe to the theory that the composer's attitude towards marriage is explained in terms of the Oedipus complex. It would be as reasonable to explain his attitude towards the symphony in those terms.

Among the letters written by the composer himself, one of the most interesting is that to Amalie Joachim in which he expressed his unqualified belief in her innocence at the time when Joachim was starting divorce proceedings.

For the first time we are also enabled to read some of the letters that passed between the two women who were dearest to Brahms, his mother and Clara Schumann. When (in 1854) the composer spent Christmas at Düsseldorf with Clara, it was the first time he had been away from home for this festival. Clara therefore felt that she must write to Frau Brahms in order to give some little consolation to her heart in her son's absence. In that letter she wrote: "I cannot deny myself the pleasure of sending him to you in the portrait, which I hope will give you pleasure, and which may sometimes remind you of myself and my dearest husband, who will stand by Johannes all his life with true affection."

True, also, was the affection that Johannes Brahms returned both to this friend and to his mother, so much so that the introduction of a complex seems an altogether unnecessary complication.

BASIL MAINE.

In Days of Truth

LABBY. by HESKATH PEARSON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

LABOUCHERE was the greatest journalist of his time and there has been none to equal him since. Left much money (and independence with it), he could speak his mind and, in *Truth*, did, with profit to many and entertainment to all. Mr. Pearson tells his engaging story well, and leaves one journalist with a melancholy reflection on the state of impotence to which exploitation of the libel laws has reduced journalism today. Or perhaps it is that nobody with a quarter of a million pounds (and independence with it) ever becomes a journalist nowadays.

W. H. H.

Correspondence

Air Frightfulness

SIR—I was impressed by Mr. Oliver Stewart's tale of the air frightfulness we may expect in the next war, but, not, I fear, so impressed as he and the other supporters of aerial defence evidently expect us to be.

I have myself no wish to be bombed, nor gassed, nor subjected to the bacterial warfare which, some scientists tell us, will be the next development of human ingenuity. But neither, I imagine, did the civilians of the last war wish to be bombed from zeppelins, nor to have their children half-starved, nor their menfolk mown down by artillery or torpedo. Nor is there any serious evidence that the inhabitants of Germany enjoyed the Thirty Years' War or Napoleon's army its invasion of Russia.

So far as one can judge, horrors have been a part of every war in the history of mankind. There *may* be degrees of horror. It *may* be worse to be gassed than to have shrapnel lodged in the stomach, or, as I have known to happen, to have a nose blown off by some other form of explosive. But to me the difference in degree seems so slight as not to be worthy of serious consideration. (Nor, incidentally, have I seen in all the horrors of war anything more frightful than a scene in the North Sea when an oil tanker caught fire, the oil escaping set fire to the sea around, and the crew were trapped in that inferno beyond the reach of any lifeboat). I can appreciate the lesson of air frightfulness, or of explosive frightfulness, or, for that matter, of lance and sabre frightfulness. But surely the lesson of all is not that we should rearm, but that we should attempt to get rid of war as an instrument of policy. Defence may be an excellent short-term policy. Perhaps it is the only short-term policy in a Europe already rearmed. But Colonel Blimp himself could not claim it as the final step for the salvation of civilisation.

Yours, etc.,

London.

CITIZEN.

Queen Victoria

SIR—Mr. Roger Fulford should be less quick and coy. The difference, for example, between Lytton Strachey's account of the christening of Queen Victoria and Miss Sitwell's account, in the book which I reviewed, is that Lytton Strachey acknowledged his

two sources in a footnote. I do not need to be acquainted any better than I am with nineteenth century memoirs to recognise similarities (not "supposed similarities") in selection and in language between Lytton Strachey and Miss Sitwell, which are not acknowledged; and I do not, alas, have to learn from Mr. Fulford—though he should know—that "modern biography is principally composed of plagiarism from previous writers."

As a modern biographer, of course Mr. Fulford does not like it when I can find no more "original condemnation" for Miss Sitwell's book than that it is modern biography. But really that was an original, a most original, condemnation. No one ever makes it. Any kind of compilation can be "very generally received" with that praise which Mr. Fulford thinks I ought to have "echoed" in my review. I prefer not to be an echo. Miss Sitwell's book gave us no new understanding, no new facts about Queen Victoria.

And perhaps if Mr. Fulford knew less about modern biography, and enough about plain prose to cross the very numerous clichés out of his lame letter, he would be able to realise one important, final truth; that Miss Sitwell writes much as he does himself.

I am, etc.,

4a Keats Grove,
N.W.3.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

Rudyard Kipling again

SIR—Mr. Leesom says that millions of children read Kipling with delight. That is a proof of his genius, which I did not dispute. It is not a proof of an harmoniously developed nature. Hans Andersen, too, is read with delight by millions of children.

Mr. Leesom speaks of Kipling's "vast range." The daily newspaper has a vast range. The limits of Kipling's achievement are defined by his superficial characterisation, and by his failure to say anything of much value on the chief problems of life.

"I have made a list of the psychological qualities of Kipling, as enumerated by your writer" Mr. Leesom writes. I hope this exercise allayed his nervous irritation. Otherwise it seems rather pointless.

Yours, etc.,

24 Laton Road,
Hastings.
April 16, 1936.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

A Generation Ago

The Poor Man's Bet

GAMBLE for gamble, there is to be said for racecourse betting, even for betting done away from the course, that there is or can be more imagination about it than about almost any other form. To draw a given card at poker, or to see the ball at roulette settle on a given number is the excitement of the chance and nothing more; apart from that it is jejune and childish. A man who gambles in rubber shares may think of the Congo with its beautiful associations, but most stocks and shares necessarily mean nothing to the gambler but his profit or loss. To hear that a given horse has won a race is to see in the mind's eye a beautiful animal with a skilful rider in a gray jacket tearing along the grass. The betting man reads the account of the race, and unless he has never seen racing at all and has no interest in horses except as gambling-machines—in which case I agree there is nothing to be said for him in this connection—he can picture the whole affair; how there was a perfect start, or how this or that horse was left at the post; how the horse of his choosing made all the running, or came with a rush at the end; how it won easily, or was only beaten by a head. Some part he may have in the wonderful exhilaration there is in watching a close finish. There is, or may be more much more, even in betting at home than the mere material result. It is as though we could gamble on the last act of a play, if it were not known and if there were ever any doubt.

It is natural, then, that gambling should be widespread in the grey and inadequate lives of the unfortunately average English, and in my opinion it is not necessarily or wholly an evil thing since I believe in the uses of excitement. Further, there is something to be said for betting on races as a form of gambling. The real mischief of it is that there is far too much of it; I do not mean that it is too widely spread, but that the same people bet too often. Some people will bet on anything, and I am told that in the North it is common for people to bet all day long, on anything about which there can be a doubt, like the bloods of the eighteenth century at Brooks's or White's. Most people, however, will only bet when there are professional facilities, and it is a pity—so far as this is concerned—that there should be horse-races—if you include steeplechasing—that can be wholesome.

(From The English Review of May 1911.)

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The controlling interest in the "English Review" has passed into new hands, and this issue is therefore the last to appear under the present direction. The constitution of the new Board will be announced in the July issue, which will be produced under the editorship of Mr. Derek Walker-Smith. Mr. Collin Brooks and Mr. Douglas Jerrold have agreed to serve on the new Board of the "English Review," which intends to place before its public the informed expression of independent Conservative opinion. The Board is assured of the general support of those contributors on political, literary and other topics, who in the six years of Mr. Jerrold's editorship helped to make the "English Review" a recognised organ of intellectual Conservatism.